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Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany, Vol. VII.; No. XXIX. Edinburgh, 1831, J. Anderson, jun.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

WE trust that, at the end of seven hundred and sixty-three weekly sheets, containing the compass of about two hundred and fifty 8vo. vols., we need not profess our love for the literary efforts, our regard for the scientific progress, or our ardent desire for the general improvement of our country. Every idea suggested, every opinion given, every syllable printed, in the *Literary Gazette*, has had no other view but to encourage the labours in these various paths, and to advance the people of England in refinement and intelligence. In taking this high and lofty line, with such means and abilities as we possessed, we have considered it not only below, but inconsistent with, our aim to nibble at every petty error or offence which might be detected by a microscopic eye, and a determination to pry for faults, rather than to look for beauties; to impute unworthiness, rather than to acknowledge excellence; to carp at, rather than to praise, aught done by our living or recently dead contemporaries; and we have accordingly acted on the opposite principle, that even apparent mediocrity may be cherished into estimable worth; and that to be a little blind to early indiscretions, can do no injury to the sterling interests which it was our object to strengthen and promote.

We know full well how easy it is to find fault, and how delightful too, to weak and ill-constructed minds, is the pleasure of picking out little holes. We know full well, that to attract an ephemeral notoriety, abuse and personality are engines more effectual than good offices and kindly expressions. We know full well that impertinence is often allowed to pass current for cleverness; and that to impose upon many, it is a common and successful trick to proclaim the facilities of slander and prostitutions of censure to be impartiality and independence. We know full well that all this is in the power of the most contemptible ignorance; while to be simply judicious and just, is without the *célat* of folly, and at the same time surrounded by difficulties.

Having the different paths before us, we have preferred the least clamorous, but, if we may judge by the sure test of public approbation, the most respectable, prosperous, and permanent; and we hope we shall be judged by this avowal of our motives and chosen course, when we proceed to denounce our utter abhorrence and detestation of the publication before us.

This No., the only one we have seen—at least, for a long while—of the *Phrenological Journal*, sets out with a letter to the conductors of the periodical press (for that reason, we presume, sent to us), calling upon them to advocate the “utility of phrenology as a system of moral improvement.” We will not argue the question, or animadvert upon the absurd lengths

to which the apostles of phrenology, as a science, carry their dogmata; but we will at once go to the fourth paper, that which has provoked our indignation, and ask if the detail of such abominable cruelties, under the name of experiments, instead of procuring allies to the cause of phrenology, is not sufficient to revolt human nature against it and its atrocious professors?

The paper is entitled “Bonillaud’s experiments to discover the functions of the brain, concluded;” and so cold-blooded a narrative of barbarities, perpetrated on a worthless plea, it never has been our painful duty to peruse. We doubt that man has a right to inflict such tortures on the animal creation, under any pretext whatever; and we stretched the principle to the utmost when we only slightly reprehended the publication of M. Magendie’s experiments,

• The following, from a correspondent, has lain by us for some time: we cannot take a better opportunity for inserting it than now.—Ed.

“The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suifiance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

Stunned and sickened with the eternal repetition of “the wonderful march that intellect has made, and is making, towards perfection,” how was I astonished and horrified on reading in a periodical publication, under the title “Spirit of Discovery,” the following recipe for killing insects for preservation in cabinets:—“Enclose the insect in a paper, or thin wooden box (a pill-box, for instance), and expose it for one or two seconds to heat, near the fire: the heat immediately kills insects the most tenacious of life. This process does not alter the most delicate colours; but if the heat be continued too long, the wings and other parts of the body begin to wrinkle.” Is this discovery one of the blessed fruits of the march of intellect? In describing locusts, we are told that the Bedouins of Egypt roast them alive, and devour them with the utmost voracity. The Bedouins of the desert have, then, made as much progress in the intellectual art of killing insects, as the scientific entomologist of England!—unless we make some allowance for the voracity with which they devour them, which philosophers may perhaps attribute to instinct. But what is the motive, instinctive or intellectual, that induces our refined and sensitive dandies (and forgive the term) dandies to inflict such infernal cruelty upon the most harmless and helpless of God’s creatures? Is it any thing more or less than the vanity of having a scientific, a fashionable, and withal a very cheap pursuit? That the insect world is well deserving the attention and admiration of the larger worm that arrogates to itself the title of “lord of the creation,” I am most willing to allow—I am even of opinion that the study of natural history in all its branches is one of the most useful, moral, and entertaining, for children of all ages!—but collecting specimens is not study—let them be taught to study living nature. It is the wonderful adaptation of the powers, instincts, and habits, of the living world, that fills the mind with deep reflection, and lifts it from the creature to the Creator that may teach us lessons of wholesome humility, and excite a spirit of useful inquiry. View insects in a microscope, make drawings of such as are extraordinary, and then restore to them their liberty; or, if you want to ascertain their habits, confine them in pairs or families, with strict attention to their appetites and accommodation, till your curiosity is satisfied: always bear in mind that your own mortal remains will in all probability be first revived in the insect or reptile state of existence; and do as you would be done by. But to roast them to death in a pill-box, or pin them through the body to a board till they die of pain or hunger!—good God! is it credible, at this enlightened period, when butchers and cormen are punished for unnecessary cruelty to oxen and horses, that men of science! ladies of the order blue! should be found so inhumanly cruel, or so unhumanly stupid (stupid as beasts, if they are unconscious of the torture they inflict)—as to torture to death the objects of their daily pursuit? Is there no second Lord Erskine, no Mr. Martin, whose eloquence might call down shame if not punishment, upon the roasters of live insects, and the dissectors of living animals? “Not a sparrow shall fall on the ground without God.”

justified as they were upon the ground that by them the alleviation and cure of the severest maladies which afflict mankind would be facilitated. Even then and in that case the general voice of the community condemned the unguarded promulgation, not confined to medical men, but addressed to all classes of readers, of experiments necessarily so repugnant to the feelings, and so evidently calculated to blunt, if not to destroy, the best sympathies of humanity. But if those experiments, and especially their minute publicity, were hardly defensible, when so important a good was aimed at, what shall we say of these phrenological butchereries for the sake of gratifying a foolish curiosity respecting the functions of peculiar portions of the brain?

“The 16th experiment,” we are told, “consisted in the entire removal of the cerebral lobes from one pigeon, the removal of the cortical substance from the convex surface of the brain of a second, and the removal of the anterior part of the central hemispheres of a third. In the first the operation was performed gradually, one lobe being first removed. In this stage it preserved all its intelligence; not recognising objects, however, when presented to the eye on the side opposite to that of the destroyed lobe. After partially removing the other lobe, it walked about, extending its wings, but without any design—both being completely removed, it remained motionless. It continued in the attitude of sleep, and made no rational movement; but when disturbed, as by placing it in an inconvenient position, it made automatic efforts to disengage itself and resume its ordinary attitude. It did not digest, and frequently attempted to vomit; it perfectly regulated the various motions of which the act of vomiting consists; it displays no intelligence; it opens its eyes and shakes itself when disturbed; it neither eats nor drinks. On examining the head after death, it was found that the whole of the cerebral lobes, with the exception of a thin shred, had been subtracted. It is evident that this pigeon had lost, with the cerebral lobes, the faculty of recognising external objects and the other intellectual powers which originate in this knowledge; that it at the same time performed many simple and compound motions which do not depend on any such knowledge, and displaying no determined end or motive. We ought, consequently, to conclude, that the brain is the seat of the different intellectual powers concerned in the knowledge of external objects, and that from it emanate those acts of volition necessary to the gratification of those wants and desires which are excited by these objects.”

Again:—

“Experiment XVII.—A hen was deprived of the anterior part of the brain. The phenomena exhibited were precisely the same as in former instances, with the following more striking particulars—it did not recognise another hen, formerly its companion, nor follow it as before the operation; it frequently lost its equilibrium, and fell from its perch; it walked,

but without object, and destitute of its former cunning; it did not avoid those who approached to seize it, although it cried and struggled when seized; it fled when it was struck; it did not follow the flock of fowls to which it belonged, and when attacked by another hen, did not comprehend the signs of anger she displayed, but neither fled nor defended itself; it sought for corners, and tried to escape by every opening that offered. On one occasion it rained violently; it sought shelter, and when it found a place where the rain did not reach it, it remained there; but it was accident and not intellect that conducted it—it did not, *a priori*, know that this place was sheltered, for before going there it frequently took refuge where the rain fell in torrents. What proves that it did not distinguish between external objects is, that entering the kitchen, it approached the fire, advanced upon the hot irons, and did not retire until severely burnt. It continually traversed the same space, following closely the circuit of the walls of the court, sometimes running as if deranged, stopping, again beginning to run, but without any other cause or motive than the instinct of moving and change of place. When pursued, or struck with a handkerchief, it fled, but no longer avoided what might obstruct its progress. Placed on a table, it advances to the edge, stops, retires, returns, and at last descends, rather by a kind of fall than a true leap. It seems, from these facts, that it preserved some feeble knowledge of distances, the height of objects, &c. But, at the same time, it did not recognise external objects; we might have exposed it to various dangers without alarming it: it would not have felt dismay if placed beside a fox. It died in consequence of another experiment.

Shocking as were the seventeen mutilations of wretched birds, &c. of which we have quoted these two examples—distressing as it must have been to see the poor pigeons and hens with their brains scooped out, shivering, and their helpless wings flapping extended—trying to groan for relief to an agony, the seat of which no remedy could reach—crying, struggling, and seeking shelter from ruthless persecution in vain—distressing as this must have been, it was mercy and compassion to what follows.

"Experiment XVIII.—March 8th, I forced a thick gimlet into each of the anterior lobes of the brain of a young dog, about two months old, and very intelligent. In withdrawing the instrument I carried with it, on one side, a small portion of cerebral substance; this gave rise to considerable hemorrhage. The animal walked immediately after the experiment, but soon lay down as if to sleep. At the end of an hour it ate and walked.—9th, It eats, walks, and even plays with another dog.—10th, I forced a burning iron into each anterior lobe, and removed a small portion of cerebral substance that lay adjoining the openings made in the cranium: the animal remained for a moment as if dead, but soon roused itself and uttered plaintive cries: its head turns to one side, and retains that position as if spasmodically; there succeeded a comatose lethargy, accompanied by plaintive cries.—11th, Respiration stertorous; a gangrenous smell proceeds from the wounds, from which a portion of cerebral substance has escaped: the head is turned forcibly to the right, and returns mechanically to this position when displaced: the animal cannot hold itself up; placed on its back it struggles with its feet, but in vain attempts to get up; it cries less than yesterday, is still in a comatose state, and gives no sign of intelligence.—12th, Nearly in the same state; it barks

when irritated, when I, for example, pour chloride of soda on its head to clean the wounds: it is very sensible of the smell of this liquid, and in some degree resists its effects by strong expirations and sneezing.—13th, the respiration is more and more laborious; it resembles that of an animal affected with peripneumony. It shakes its head when water is poured on it, tries to rise, but cannot; all its motions seem automatic, independent of all intellect and reflection: it barks occasionally, although still plunged in the same comatose state.—14th, If we attempt to raise it, its legs cross each other, and cannot support it, the left appears most feeble; nevertheless, on pinching them, it draws them back, and expresses its pain by cries more or less acute according to the violence of the injury. It recognises no object, not even its aliments: it sees, notwithstanding, and hears, and even appears to turn its head mechanically towards the person who calls it: it swallows milk when poured into its throat, but never seeks to drink spontaneously. A piece of flesh being placed in its mouth, it made some attempts at mastication, but soon discontinued these, and retained the meat between its teeth, without attempting to swallow it.—15th, The head is more movable, less inclined to the right: it cannot walk nor stand: respiration very laborious: it exhibited no power of recognising external objects; cried or groaned continually, and died in the evening."

We declare before Heaven, that we think the barbarian who could, during a whole week, thus inflict unendurable torments upon an animal, and calmly count its writhings and agonies, deserves to be put out of the pale of society as a monster. Hamlet says, "Hang up philosophy;" we say, "Hang up philosophers who dare commit such outrages as these." The next trial was equally horrid, and prolonged during sixteen days. We quote on, marking in Italics some of the most obnoxious points of heartless cruelty it was ever our misfortune to read.

"On the morning of the 28th of June, I transfixed the anterior part of the brain of a young dog, which possessed the reputation of being lively, docile, and intelligent: the instrument, in making its way from the right to the left side, inclined slightly in an oblique direction upwards and backwards. Immediately after the operation, the animal struggled, cried, fell, and could not raise itself. It continued to hear and see: at the end, however, of some minutes it presented all the symptoms of cerebral compression, arising very probably from the internal hemorrhage produced by the operation.—June 29, 30, July 1, 2. It plunged in a profound lethargy: it sometimes cries and shakes its limbs: if placed in a constrained posture, it relieves itself by automatic and instinctive movements: water is poured down its throat, and it eats a little softened bread: its eyes are inflamed and suppurate.—3d, The comatose sleep continues: if we irritate with the view of awaking it, it cries, and attempts to bite the objects with which it is touched. It was made to take 50 grains of camphor (it had previously taken 20); almost immediately after, it raised itself for the first time, and walked, but very unsteadily: it sometimes gets up on its hind legs, but falls on its back; at other times it bends its head, supports itself upon it, and throws a sort of somersault; it then lies down and sleeps.—4th, It walks, and begins to eat: its walk is still, however, staggering, disordered, and without design. We repeated the camphor, but the greatest part of it was rejected.—5th, Its attitude and walk are somewhat

wild: its legs embarrass each other and cross: it staggers as if drunk, and with difficulty avoids objects placed before it: it carries its head low, so as almost to touch the ground. It, however, still hears when called on, and even wags its tail when caressed. The sense of smell remains perfect, and it licks its food before eating it. Its eyes are still covered with pus: when touched briskly, it cries, and turns to bite.—6th and 7th, I set it at liberty; it goes, comes, and runs to and fro, as if it were insane; licks every object, and does not appear to recognise any by means of vision: its walk is somewhat ridiculous; it raises its fore feet too high. It does not know how to mount a staircase, and if it leaps up a few steps, will very ill regulate its movements; it experiences the same difficulty in descending. It with difficulty avoids obstacles placed before it; sometimes attempts to pass through holes much too small to admit its body, and, when placed in such a dilemma, it extricates itself mechanically and awkwardly.

When menaced, it crouches as if to implore mercy, but does not in consequence obey. It, on the contrary, utters cries which nothing can repress, similar to those of a young uneducated dog, whose intellect is undeveloped. It eats with great voracity, and is in good health. I watched it attentively for the remainder of this and for the first fifteen days of the succeeding month. It enjoyed the perfect use of its external senses. By a kind of instinct of imitation it walked when it saw any one else walk, following the individual wherever he went. Its want of docility was remarkable: when called, it did not come, but lay down and wagged its tail with an air of stupidity. When we tried to lead it, it resisted, rolled upon the ground, and cried, but at last walked, again stopped, drew back, and cried anew. When confined, it cried continually in spite of all correction. It appeared astonished at every thing; and its air of stupidity was remarked by all those who were not aware of the operation which had been performed, and strangers to physiological observations. It was easily alarmed; and when menaces were succeeded by blows, in place of flying or acting so as to avoid them, it merely lay down in a suppliant posture, and cried. It did not cress us on our return, although absent for many days. It lived with another dog, which it frequently licked, but never played with: nor did it resent the bites which its companion, a witness, so to speak, of its idiocy, rarely failed to inflict when it approached. It did not keep itself clean, and became singularly fat. It had a strong inclination to remain in the kitchen; we pretended to chase it from thence, but it always returned. Its voracity, as we have already said, was extreme: its maintenance became expensive. It applied itself on one occasion, for instance, to eating the boiling-fritters, overturned the frying-pan, and scalded its muzzle, lips, and feet severely. It did not want turning, when urged, to obtain food: it was often observed to watch the rabbits that ran about the court, and to approach the place where they concealed themselves. It often amused itself in the same way as other dogs, in snapping at the flies that flew about, but was exceedingly awkward in this as in every other kind of exercise. I one day carried it into a wood in the vicinity of the country-house which I then inhabited, and left it there, in order to ascertain if it could retrace the road: but it could not do so, nor did it return until I went for it. Some days afterwards, I led it to the river, and, regardless of its terror, threw it in; on this occasion it quickly swam on shore, and returned to the house. I sometimes put it

out at the door, menacing to make it go away, but it remained, or, if it did go, it was only for a few steps, when it returned, uttering slight cries, as if entreating us to re-open the door. It looked at strangers with a dull stupid air, sometimes went to them, especially to children; but when they caressed it or wished to play with it, it merely lay down and wagged its tail. It did not bark, either to testify its affection, or to prevent strangers from approaching the house; upon one occasion only did it attempt to bark, I cannot say that it actually did bark, at some one passing. *All its docility consisted in coming when, after caressing it, we called upon it in a tone of kindness; or, if we had menaced, beat, or called upon it in vain, in going away, holding down its head and tail, and in crouching down as if in the act of supplication.* Its eyes became animated, its ears were erected on the slightest noise, but it still preserved a look of imbecility. *It was sacrificed, August 15, in the performance of a new experiment.*"

We will not waste a line in holding up the publication of such villanies to the abhorrence they excite. If the art of refining torments be necessary to science, which we deny, prudence at least might suggest to scientific inquirers by such means, the expediency of not rendering their pursuits odious, by exposing them to the vulgar eye. It is the depraved appetite for dwelling on all manner of unnatural guilt, and beastly details of heinous crimes, and prurient circumstances of infidelities and seductions, and sanguinary executions,—it is the rage for glutting the public with minute descriptions such as these, that makes the press of England so injurious to the morals, and so brutalising to the minds, of the people. We have become so accustomed to it now, that it does not strike us with the astonishment, nor appal us with the horror, it is so pre-eminently calculated to inspire. Yet if we look abroad, we can discover no such continual sapping of the feelings of a country, no such everlasting familiarity with scenes of criminality and blood. A murder of Fuzades lasted France for years: in Germany, we scarcely remember an atrocity since the story of Sand. In England they are our daily and hourly diet; every journal teems with them in all their vile particulars, from the ripping up of pregnant women at Newton-barry, to the severing of the dead limbs of Mrs. Holloway at Brighton. Lady Macbeth only supped full of horrors,—we have them before us in the morning papers at our breakfast tables, in the evening papers for our dessert, every day of the week, and in the Sunday papers for our Sabbath edification. The stream of pollution flows on for ever; and ribaldry, occasionally sedition, appeals to the worst passions of the multitude; and those literary scandals noticed in the outset of these remarks, are, throughout far too great a proportion of the press, the only varieties of the shameless course. The engine is indeed powerful: would that it were equally respectable! Its perfect liberty is the sheet-anchor of our national freedom and happiness: would that it were more anxious to avoid the commission of evil in its component operations!

But we are digressing from phrenological magazines to periodical literature: we will, however, end with the former. The tortures of dogs, and hens, and pigeons, &c. lead, it would seem, to the following conclusions in that amiable and sagacious science.

"Very young persons ought not to marry, because, by the laws to which God has subjected our physical constitution, the offspring

of very young parents are generally deficient in bodily and mental qualities, or both. The municipal law allows males to marry at fourteen, and females at twelve; and the divines take no cognizance of the sin of marrying at an unripe age; whereas Nature, in this climate, is inimical to marriage before twenty or twenty-two in the female, and twenty-five or twenty-six in the male. One consequence of marriages in extreme youth is, that the first-born child, or children, are, in general, deficient in the organs of the moral and reflecting faculties, and have an excess of the organs of the animal propensities. A single illustration of the consequences of such a union will suffice to shew how deeply it may affect the order of the moral world. Suppose a British peer of forty, possessed of ordinary qualities, to marry an immature girl of seventeen, and that the first-born child is a son, he would prove greatly deficient in moral and intellectual powers. The organs of the propensities would be large, and the anterior and superior portions of the brain, which manifest the higher faculties, would be relatively small. In consequence of this combination, his natural inclinations would lead him to prefer animal gratifications to study, and his innate consciousness of a low mind would render him sceptical of human virtue, and proud of his 'order,' as the only mark of superiority in his person over the base-born vulgar. The law would give him the family estates, and a seat in the upper house of parliament, and the customs of society invest him with a vast influence in his native county; but the low formation of his brain would render the high rank, the large property, the legislative voice, and the social influence, so many inlets of temptation to immoral conduct in himself, and so many instruments of perpetrating mischief to his fellow-men. The priest might give his benediction at his father's marriage, and his mother be unconscious of sin; but the Creator's laws being violated, His blessing would not fall on the first-born. The children produced after the mother arrived at maturity would manifest superior qualities. The result would be still more hurtful were old men to marry very young women; for bodily imperfection would then be added to mental imbecility."

We hope few of our peers of forty in the last generation have married too young wives; for if so, their eldest sons in the present house, from "the low formation of their brains," will not be able to understand the Reform Bill about to be sent up to them.

Catalogue of several Hundred Manuscript Works, in various Oriental Languages. Collected by Sir William Ouseley, LL.D. &c. London, 1831. Valpy.

PRINTED for a limited distribution at home and for foreign libraries, we received a copy of this catalogue from its amiable and respected owner, some weeks ago, with a feeling of regret, that the scholar, whose delight during many years must have been great in making such a collection, should be induced by any cause, prudential or worldly, to part with so pure and perpetual a source of enjoyment in his latter years. Sir W. Ouseley was one of the Associates of the Royal Society of Literature; and we have known when even so small a deprivation as that which he, in common with the rest, experienced by the unexpected withdrawal of the royal endowment, has led, with men of moderate fortune, to sacrifices equally poignant as the disposal of a collection of favourite manuscripts. We trust it is not the case in the

present instance,—but the bare suspicion of its possibility causes us to lament still more that act of miserable national parsimony.

But whatever reason induces Sir William to part with his collection, certainly the most important which has been seen in England since that of Mr. Rich, happily assigned to the British Museum at a price of five or six thousand pounds, we trust that it will not be allowed to go out of our country. Some of the MSS. are intrinsically of great value, and others are unique. Surely the British Museum is the natural resting-place for such a treasure of literature, amassed by the spirit and industry of a British subject; and it would grieve us to hear of its being transported to a foreign land. We quote a few passages from the preface, both on account of the information they contain, and of their offering grounds for our opinion.

"Those (says Sir W.) engaged in accumulating Oriental MSS. may be gratified by a few anecdotes of this collection. When I began to form it early in life, and long before my Persian travels, London alone furnished so many MSS. that a short time rendered me the owner of all those quoted throughout the 'Persian Miscellanies,' published in 1795, (as that work declares, *Introd. p. xxv.*) Two years after, the number had increased to nearly four hundred, (see *Oriental Collect.*, vol. 1. p. 300. 1797), of which several were described in a catalogue prefixed to an 'Epitome of the ancient History of Persia,' (1799). During the subsequent lapse of two-and-thirty years, many hundred more have been in my possession; but of those I rejected, perhaps too fastidiously, considerable numbers, often exchanging eight or ten volumes of Indian writing, (duplicates or inaccurate transcripts,) for one handsome, rare, or curious MS. of real Persian execution. The following pages will evince that I have been fortunate in acquiring many books of this class—works transcribed during the best ages of penmanship, and when brilliant illumination and miniature painting had, like calligraphy, attained in Persia the utmost perfection of Eastern art; from which, within the last two centuries, they have most lamentably fallen. Besides splendid and beautiful volumes, this collection possesses numerous works, plain in appearance, but precious for their antiquity, the interesting nature of their subjects, or their extreme rarity, as of some, there is reason to believe, no second copies exist in Europe. It was my object to collect not only the oldest and finest Persian works, but several copies of each, that by collation a perfect and accurate text might be obtained; for among various literary projects that long haunted my imagination, one was to print a complete edition of the Persian classics.

"This Catalogue notices many entertaining works of fiction unknown in Europe (as I have reason to think) beyond the narrow limits of my library. Such compositions have long been the delight of Eastern nations. An old English traveller says, concerning the Persians, 'They have romances of famous heroes and their deeds, among which are pleasant encounters, huntings, love-intrigues, banquetings, descriptions of flowers and delightful groves, emphatically set down with cuts and pictures represented lively enough,' &c.—*Fryer's Travels*, p. 369. Of those 'lively pictures,' as the following pages will shew, several MSS. in this collection exhibit a considerable variety; and if some are merely ornamental, others (by far the most numerous,) may be considered extremely useful, as they not only explain difficult passages, but faithfully represent the state of many arts at the time when they were executed; for Per-

asian painters have always delineated with scrupulous accuracy the architecture, domestic furniture, dresses, arms, musical instruments, and other objects, as they existed in their own times, although the text illustrated by their pencils may relate to kings, heroes, and princesses of the earliest ages."

"Respecting (continues the writer, and concluding with, to us, a very affecting statement) the value of Eastern MSS. no just opinion can be formed by those accustomed only to printed books. Of a few articles, this Catalogue states the former prices, which, perhaps, to many will seem exorbitant, and I must acknowledge my own surprise at the considerable sums demanded in various towns of Persia for splendid, rare, or curious MSS., and my still greater surprise at the sums which were refused. A magnificent offering to the triumphant *Nâdir Shâh* comprised the vanquished prince's diadem, three hundred camels, two hundred horses, and twenty fine Persian MSS.; and of a single volume brought from India by General Carnac, the price was *one thousand rupees* (125*l.*) That the beautiful *Jâmi* (marked No. 91.) had once been estimated at a sum nearly equivalent to 140 guineas, was noticed in the 'Epitome of Persian History,' (1799. Pref. p. xxiii.) and for a handsome *Shâh Nâmeh*, which I examined at Isfahân in 1811, the proprietor asked 180, but subsequently accepted 120 *tumâns*, (between 80 and 90 pounds,) as a letter from an English gentleman informed me; yet that MS. was not, in many respects, equally valuable as the two copies (Nos. 1 and 2) of my own collection. It is not without some painful efforts that an enthusiast in any line of literature can relinquish those objects which have amused his youth and afforded him solace amid the troubles of mature or declining life. Several times were the names of certain books erased from my list, and again with a reluctant hand inserted as they now appear; and many of these pages had actually passed through the press before I could induce myself to offer for sale the *Nuzhat Nâmeh Ellâiy*, the *Sûr al beidân*, the *Mekâmât Hamidi*, the *Zein al Akhbâr*, and other rare works noticed in the latter part of this Catalogue. But the die is now cast; and they must accompany all the others. I am, however, consoled (for 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires') by the hope that these MSS., transferred from the obscure shelves of a private collection to some great national or royal library, and rendered accessible to the public, may furnish interesting subjects for translation into various languages, and promote throughout Europe a taste for Oriental literature."

A System of Chymistry of Inorganic Bodies.

By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. 7th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

CHYMISTRY being in its very essence a progressive branch of science, it follows, that, independent of the regular demand for works of the standard class from each generation of readers, there will be an additional demand, created by the successive improvements and new discoveries in science, for revised editions, which must render former editions of such works comparatively of little value. How far this remark will apply to the earlier editions of Dr. Thomson's *System of Chymistry*, we shall not here undertake to determine. That the doctor's labours have been duly appreciated by the public is manifest from the fact, that the volumes before us virtually constitute the seventh edition of his elaborate treatise, though the author and editor tells us in his preface,

that, "instead of a new edition, it might, without impropriety, have been styled a new work; for at least nine-tenths of the whole has been written anew." Though I have given the title of *Inorganic Chymistry* to the present work, yet I thought it advantageous to include in it an account of all the acids at present known, even those derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, because I wished to make it a work to which my practical students could apply for information in every department of elementary chymistry; and many of these acids are occasionally employed in chymical researches."

Now, we must break a lance with the doctor, on account of the grave errors he has here committed, considering his high station as preceptor of a numerous class of students, more particularly in the several departments of practical chymistry. First, our author, without any obvious reason, except that of novelty or eccentricity, makes a distinction of title which cannot be sustained during the investigation of at least three-fourths of the whole field of chymical inquiry. And then immediately, as if conscious of the misnomer, tells us "that he thinks it advantageous to include in his treatise on *Inorganic Chymistry*, the acids and other products obtained from organic substances derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms!" But, to shew that the author still farther stultifies the title he has assumed for the present work, he says: "I intended also to have introduced an account of all the lately discovered compound alkaline bodies belonging to the vegetable kingdom; but I found that this could not be done without swelling the size of the second volume too much, or obliging me to omit some part of my account of the salts; which I was unwilling to do, because an accurate knowledge of these bodies is indispensable to the practical chymist." The doctor, therefore, as it appears to us, felt the embarrassment in which he has placed himself by his new coinage, while he takes the opportunity of informing us that he is employed on a second, or separate work, which he intends to publish, "On the Chymistry of Vegetable Bodies."

Now, we are convinced every chymist will agree with us in opinion, that no actual line of demarcation can be drawn between "*inorganic*" and "*organic*" chymistry; or what our author quaintly denominates the chymistry of vegetable bodies. Vegetable physiology necessarily includes chymical combination and decomposition, equally with the formation of mineral masses, or the combination of different gases; therefore it is superfluous to multiply terms which have no distinct meaning. We are the more inclined to notice this coinage, from observing it in more than one or two other instances of Dr. Thomson's present treatise. For instance, in p. 256, vol. ii. sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphuret of phosphorus, &c. are termed *sulphide* of hydrogen, *sulphide* of phosphorus, &c. &c. [The author admits that he "was frequently under the necessity of contriving new terms, and of extending or altering the present chymical nomenclature," "though these innovations have been introduced as sparingly as possible."] Additions to chymical nomenclature ought never to be made without some obvious necessity, or, at least, some palpable advantage; for the burden it imposes on the memory of the chymical student is one of the greatest impediments to the cultivation of that beautiful science. We could point out a multitude of other instances in which our author shews himself too much attached to *systemising*, by the unnecessary coinage of terms; while in other

cases he pertinaciously adheres to terms which in the present state of chymistry ought to be exploded, as conveying wrong ideas. For example, he still retains the term *affinity*, in lieu of *attraction*. Since the splendid discoveries of Davy in electro-chymical agency, by which the intensity of all chymical action was demonstrated to be dependent on the *opposite* states of electricity of any two substances, it is surely more consonant with scientific accuracy to employ the term *attraction* for that power by which two chymical bodies seek to unite, than to use the term *affinity* between two opposite or dissimilar bodies. There may be an affinity (or kindred) between any two acids, or two alkaline bodies; but voltaic electricity has shewn us that it is the very opposite of affinity, or, in other words, the contrary state of electricity which two bodies relatively possess, that induces chymical attraction and chymical union.

The above-mentioned exceptions to the work on our table, may, however, only be considered as spots in the sun; and we should not have been induced to notice them but for the high authority of their author in chymical science, both as a writer and public teacher. We therefore proceed to the more agreeable task of noticing the meritorious parts of the present volumes.

The Introduction contains the best definition we have hitherto met with of the atomic theory. This, though yet incomplete, may be called the very basis of chymical research; and it is obviously most important that distinct ideas as to the comparative weights and volumes of the ultimate atoms of bodies should be conveyed to the chymical student. We would therefore recommend the doctor's introduction, as a very valuable abstract of the substratum of chymistry, according to the most generally received doctrines of atomic proportion.

In the different chapters under the respective heads of *acidifiable* and *alkalisable* bases, we find a good deal of new matter; particularly in the latter division, including the alkaline metallic bodies recently discovered.

The *hydrocyanic* (or prussic) acid having of late years been very generally kept in the shops, (and improperly, without such precautions as shall prevent its being sold to any but medical practitioners,) we think the following extract may prove valuable to the profession, through the wide dissemination of our journal:—"As hydrocyanic acid is very much employed in medicine, and as its efficacy is very much connected with [dependent on] its strength, it comes to be an object of considerable importance, to be in possession of a method by which it may be easily prepared by a common apothecary, in a state exactly the same in point of strength at all times. The following process, suggested by Mr. Clarke, of the Glasgow infirmary, possesses this requisite. In 100 drachms of water dissolve 8½ drachms of cyanide of potassium, and add to the solution 18½ drachms of crystallised tartaric acid, previously dissolved in 20 drachms of water. A double decomposition takes place. Bitartrate of potash falls down, and about 120 drachms of water will remain, holding in solution 3½ drachms of hydrocyanic acid, or 2.81 per cent of the solution is hydrocyanic acid. Of acid of this strength, eight drops may be given thrice a day in a glass of water. The only impurity in the acid when thus prepared, is a small quantity of cream of tartar, which, in a medical point of view, is of no consequence whatever. Hydrocyanic acid thus prepared is a colourless liquid, having a strong emell, like that of peach-blossoms. Its taste is sharp, and at first appears cooling;

but it soon excites a burning sensation in the mouth, and it is very astringent, and indeed a virulent poison."

But the most valuable portions of Dr. Thomson's system, and those which give it most pretensions to the title of a new work, are the several heads and sections of Vol. II. which include the *saline* compounds, classed by the author under the heads of "oxygen acid salts," "cyanogen acid salts," and "sulphur acid salts." Without questioning the propriety of the infinite latitude to which the doctor carries nomenclature, by way of *simplifying* the science, we have no hesitation in saying, that the practical chymist, dyer, calico-printer, and others interested in the manufacture or use of pigments, will derive a vast mass of valuable information from the latter half of this elaborate treatise. The work is accompanied with an Appendix, containing, among others, two highly interesting tables, exhibiting the "atomic weights of bodies," arranged first in the order of their densities, and then alphabetically. These tables, together with a copious index, render these volumes, containing about 1700 pages, a valuable work of reference; more especially when we take into account the experimental tests, which the author states he has resorted to in every case that admitted of any doubt respecting the atomic proportion, or other properties, of the several substances.

We think the work would have been far more complete as an elementary treatise, had it included the third volume, which the author promises, on Organic Chymistry, and been free from typographical errors. As it is, however, it may be considered a standard class-book, and as a much more condensed (and therefore more valuable) work, than the former editions of Dr. Thomson's *System of Chymistry*.

Standard Novels, No. VII. The Scottish Chiefs. Vol. I. By Miss Jane Porter. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY prettily written introduction ushers in this popular romance, the beginning of which we shall quote, as far as relates to Sir William Wallace: "The story of Jeannie has already been published in one of the *Annals* (the *Forbes*), we think; but it is quite interesting enough to be preserved in a less perishable form. We shall, however, confine ourselves to Miss Jane Porter's account of the origin of the fiction itself."

"In seeking to go back, by the traces of recollection, to the period when the first impression of the heroes which form the story of the 'Scottish Chiefs' was made on my mind, I am carried so completely into the scenes of my infancy, that I feel like one of the children old tales tell of, who, being lost in a wood, tries to find her way home again by the possibly preserved track of a few corn-seeds she had chanced to scatter on the ground as she came. To wander in these memories has, however, a pleasure of its own; many pleasant places presenting themselves to stop at, and thence to review with a sweet sadness, through the long vale of past days, some distant, lovely scene, under the soul-hallowed twilight of time. Such scenes are peopled with beloved friends, living there before our beamy eye; but, in reality, long removed from us into an eternal paradise. Born on the border lands of Scotland, my mother, in an early widowhood, took her children thither, then almost infants, to bring them up in good air, and in the future advantage of a good education at a moderate expense. But in Scotland it is not the 'pastors and masters'

only who educate the people—there is a spirit of wholesome knowledge in the country, pervading all—which passes from one to the other like the atmosphere they breathe; and I may truly say, that I was hardly six years of age when I first heard the names of William Wallace and Robert Bruce—not from gentlemen and ladies, readers of history; but from the maids in the nursery, and the serving-man in the kitchen: the one had their songs of 'Wallace wight!' to lull my baby sister to sleep; and the other, his tales of 'Bannockburn' and 'Cambuskenneth' to entertain my young brother, keeping his eager attention awake evening after evening, often to a late hour, and sending him to his bed, still asking for more, to see the heroes in his dreams. I remember with delight even now how I was amused for hours in the same way, by a venerable old woman called Luckie Forbes, who lived in a humble but comfortable occupation, near some beautiful green banks, which rose in natural terraces behind my mother's house, and who, often meeting me there when playing about, would walk by me, and talk to me, with her knitting in her hand; or I used to run to her own little home, and sit down on a stool by her side, while she told me of the wonderful deeds of William Wallace—of his fighting for Scotland, against as many cruel tyrants as those whom Abraham overcame when he recovered Lot and all his herds and flocks from the five robber-kings, in the vale that was afterwards called the Kings' Dale because of that victory. My lowly instructress never omitted an opportunity of mingling a pious allusion with her narrations. In like manner, at many a cottar's fireside in Scotland, the seed of the bread for this life and of that which is to come are sown together. From this custom of hers, I often listened to her with an awful reverence, as well as with delighted interest in the events of her stories. She described the person of Wallace from head to foot, as if she had seen him, telling me how comely he was, and how lofty in spirit, and that no temptation from 'bonnie leddy' or powerful prince could ever bribe him from the cause of Scotland. But she seemed to have most satisfaction in talking of the friendship between Wallace and Bruce; and she dwelt on it over and over again, comparing it with that of David and Jonathan, 'whose souls were knit together, and whose love for each other was wonderful, passing the love of women!' 'My bonnie bairn,' said she, 'there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother!' I never can forget that dear old woman—so shrewd, yet simple-minded, and cheerfully religious: she performed her humble duties with activity and content; her recreation, and 'exceeding great reward,' was reading her Bible, which she did every day. I do not recollect ever seeing any other book in her house, though she knew the history of Scotland, and the biography of its great families, as accurately as if the top of her *muckle kist*, on which her Bible lay, had been filled with historical chronicles. Luckie Forbes was not singular in this simplicity of book-learning and comprehensive knowledge with regard to her own country. I remember to have met much of the same amongst most of the Scotch of the lower orders with whom, whether as a child or in later years, I became acquainted. I do not say that I did not hear of the 'doughty deeds' of her favourite heroes from the lips of our revered school-instructor, Mr. Fulton, of Niddry's Wind, whose lessons were always chosen from the noblest subjects; nor, indeed, from occasional references, made by several accom-

plished scholars and esteemed friends who visited my honoured mother's unpretending table;—but I must avow, that to Luckie Forbes's familiar, and even endearing manner of narrating the lives of William Wallace and his dauntless followers—her representation of their heart-sacrifices for the good of their country, filling me with an admiration and a reverential amazement, like her own—and calling forth my tears and sobs, when she told of the deaths of some, and of the cruel execution of the virtuous leader of them all,—to her I must date my early and continued enthusiasm in the character of Sir William Wallace, and in the friends his truly hero-soul 'delighted to honour.'

"Though my earliest associations, it may be seen, were all in favour of 'the Scottish Chiefs' being the first of my writings; yet, having quitted Scotland while still a child, eager to read books, and little dreaming of ever writing one,—the 'Fairy Queen,' 'Sidney's Arcadia,' and other tales of English chivalry, soon took their share in dividing my admiration with the Scottish heroes, whom almost deifying tradition had taught me to worship. Sober history came in in good time to sift the wheat in this mingled growth of weeds and harvest; and my late preface to the Standard Edition of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' shows how the time-honoured names of Sobieski and his followers wrought on me first to dare becoming myself a narrator of heroic deeds. That work was written in London, surrounded by living characters, whose corresponding military fame seemed to hold me examples I need only copy, to produce all I wanted to portray. But 'the Scottish Chiefs' was composed under very different circumstances. Our revered parent had retired with us into the country;—she wisely took us from a world that might have presented too many charms for young and ardent spirits, and which was then opening in many ways before us. In the quiet seclusion she chose, where we had then few acquaintances, recollections of the past could not but be our frequent amusement; and those of dear Scotland often presented themselves. We talked of our walks on the Calton Hill, then a vast green slope, with no other buildings breaking the line of its smooth and magnificent brow, but Hume's monument on one part, and the astronomical observatory on another; then of our climbing the steeper height of Arthur's Seat, and of our awed visits to St. Anton's Well!—all haunted by the ever-inspiring images of William Wallace and his brother heroes; or, the not less interesting, though more modern remembrances, attached to the misfortunes of the house of Stuart, from unhappy Mary to her expatriated descendant, Charles Edward. In these discourses I often found myself again by the side of Luckie Forbes and her spinning-wheel, listening to the delightful hum of her legendary lore; and while I dwelt in recollection on all she had told me of the champion of Scotland, and on all I subsequently had read of him and his associates, whether in history, or in the old native poems of 'Blindie Harrie' and 'Barbour's Bruce,' some of the earliest friends of my youth successively died—persons descended from the bravest and the best of those honoured associates; and, under the impulse of a votive sorrow, I conceived the idea of writing 'the Scottish Chiefs.'"

The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D. deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; seen in connexion with the Spirit of the Times, political and religious, particularly those great Events, the Restoration, 1660, and Revolution of 1688: including the Period of fanatical Puritanism from 1640 to the Death of Cromwell. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, M.A. M.R.S.L. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 309. London, 1831. Murray.

THE anticipation of the concluding volume of Bishop Ken's Life, excited by the interesting matter contained in the development of the earlier period of his history, is now fully gratified by the manner in which Mr. Bowles has completed his undertaking. Not only does industrious research, coupled with acute judgment and a graceful style, claim our commendation, but a warm tone of kindred feeling glows throughout these pages, identifying the principles of the author so closely with those of his subject, that the admiration kindled towards the exemplary Ken cannot fail of extending to his biographer. The period in which Ken flourished in power or laboured in retirement, was pregnant with events various and of the deepest importance, not only as stern historical lessons, but from their consequences being still felt. The personal career of one who, although uncontaminated, still mingled in the troubled waters of the times, must necessarily lead us into private and intimate acquaintance with many of the principal actors in the peculiar and more striking *postcena vita* which the broad narration of history as necessarily withholds from our view. Hence arises the deep interest of biography, when, as in the present case, it rests in able and judicious hands. We doubt not but that many of our readers will fully enter with us into the warmth of feeling which drew the following picture of the place where Ken was educated.

"After the business of examination in the election-chamber is over, one of the most affecting sights, if duly considered, is the parting dinner, in the college hall, before the youthful *superannuates* separate from their school-fellows, passing from years of seclusion into the 'great Babel,' the world, the scene of their future fortunes. On this day the wardens of Winchester and New College, the Fellows of Winchester, their visitors, and the parents of boys about to enter, are seated at the high table, 'under the portrait of the pious founder,' on a raised platform in the hall. To those seniors who, for many succeeding summers, have witnessed the same annual spectacle, and who now again, when young and old are brought together, feel as if no time had passed since yesterday, when they were boys, and today, now they are old,—and yet feel their time stealing more rapidly away, and that few more years remain—to them, as they look down and around them, and see the well-known groups, and the generous and educated youth on tiptoe to start into untried life—the scene must be doubly affecting. They know, and have long confessed, that, as Christians, they have here 'no abiding city.' They know, also, that when old age shall have placidly laid down its staff, they shall be succeeded, perhaps, by some of those now seated below them, who, also, in their turn, may live to witness the same scene with the same pensive recollections.

"Stand up, boys!
We'll wave our bonnets—unto the ground!
Let us drink their health, for the sake of him
of the 'old crozier,' and wish they may live

* *Fie, done, Monsieur Canon—misquote the Bible!*
* *No continuing city.* If you please.—*Ed. L. G.*

many years, to disappoint the hopes of the younger aspirants to their station and honours! In the middle of the hall is placed what is called the New College table, for the younger members of that society, whose road in life is opened, but who have scarce yet turned their thoughts as to where it may lead them. Around the hall are the several tables of the boys, from the youngest to the seniors: and last, near the entrance, is the table set out for those who are to dine with their long-associated friends and youthful companions for the last time, as scholars together. They have lived immured indeed, but happily, through the early years of life; friendships have been formed which will last through all 'the changes and chances' of their future lot. A few remaining on the stage, sober in the vale of years, and gray-headed, whilst many have been separated for ever, and many gone to their graves,—occasionally meet, in after life, and talk of 'auld lang syne.' The number of early friends now lessens every year: Dr. — is dead; Archdeacon — is dead; Sir — is dead! so they count on, till their time comes, and some old friend sighs, 'Poor — is dead!' Most are decently provided for—few amply—the chief part retired to college livings; but almost all, wherever placed, mingling in society, the lights of scholarlike intelligence and virtuous examples. On this day, the day of annual election, all those youths at that table near the entrance of the hall, are about to enter on the same journey of life. The dinner is now ended; and let him who has any feelings of man within him, listen, without emotion, if he can, to that grace, which has been chanted to guests of the same character, in the same place, and to the same words, for nearly five hundred years! 'Agnus tibi gratias, omnipotens Deus, pro fundatore nostro Gulielmo de Wykeham, reliquisque quorum beneficiis hic, ad pietatem et studia literarum, alimur, rogantes ut nos, his donis tuis recte utentes, ad gloriam perducamur immortalem, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.' The old song of Dulce Domum, whose origin is so dark, succeeds this grace, sung to most appropriate and affecting music, and friends, among those 'who had been young, and now are old,' shake hands, perhaps never in this world to meet again. And against such foundations, which have done their duty to society in every generation, a more rancorous hostility is now directed, more rancorous and more universal, than in the days of Cromwell!"

We do not marvel at this concluding burst of Mr. Bowles's *sava indignatio*, nor can we deny that there may be some "soul-ravishing spiritualists" whose hearts could find in such a scene no gratification, and before whose "grace-pouring-down countenance" such foundations as that of William of Wykeham would seem but as rocks of offence; but we differ, *foto calo*, in thinking that this "rancorous hostility" is or speedily will be even general, much less universal. We give the annexed curious anecdote relative to Nell Gwynne, and then proceed to introduce our readers to the court of Charles the Second.

"The well-known anecdote of Ken, respecting a celebrated female favourite of Charles the Second, is related in this volume, in spirit at least, as the story was told by Ken himself to his biographer Hawkins: but I am informed by my venerable and venerated friend, the Bishop of Hereford, well acquainted with all Wintonian anecdotes, that there wandered, in his early days, another report of this story. That the celebrated lady having taken possession, in the

king's name, of the bachelor prebendary's ecclesiastical residence, refused, except *vi et armis*, to move! Possession had been taken in the absence of the owner, who, on his return, finding the unexpected guest deaf to entreaty, was obliged to order a part of the roof to be taken off; when the lady, thus forcibly dislodged, scudded to the deanery, to make her report of the obdurate prebendary to the king! * * *

"To shew the origin of this remarkable transaction we must revert to some prior historical circumstances. In the year 1677, the Prince of Orange came to England to solicit in person a marriage with Mary eldest daughter of the Duke of York, which had been before proposed. William had never seen the lady, but having been introduced, he professed the most ardent admiration, and formally demanded her in marriage. The Duke of York received the proposition with coldness; but his brother the king, only anxious that France, for his own interest, should consent to a peace, sought to detach the young soldier and lover from his political connexions, by promising that the royal maiden should comply, as soon as he (the Prince of Orange) would agree upon the terms of a general peace. This circumstance had nearly prevented the union. The language of Charles was, 'no wife unless peace be first agreed on.' But William was so much of the Dutch lover, that, struck as he was with the charms of the youthful Mary, then in her sixteenth year, he determined to resign her, and leave England in two days, if the king, previously to the marriage, insisted on these terms. But all obstacles were removed when the king found William resolved coldly to relinquish the lady; and he frankly said to Sir William Temple, 'I will trust him; he is honest, I can tell by his countenance. He shall have his wife, and you shall go immediately, and tell my brother so.' The day after, the king publicly declared the marriage; which led to William's possessing the English throne. With the Prince of Orange, at this time of the age of twenty, came over his half-uncle, Count Zulestein, who afterwards was confidentially employed by him, and who, at the battle of Landen, had saved his life. If William was struck with the charms of Mary, Zulestein was no less struck with a young lady, her attendant, who went in her train, as maid of honour, to the court of the Hague. The gallant William was less romantic than the brave chevalier who came to England with him: and when the beautiful lady with whose charms he was smitten appeared again in Holland, an honourable attachment and engagement succeeded the first impression. He won her heart—he promised marriage; and but for the virtuous Ken, that promise never would have been fulfilled. If we might venture to describe her feelings in poetical language, in such a song as would suit Ken's lute, we might thus imagine her to have expressed them:—

* *Young English Love to the Princess's Chaplain.*

Though his words might well deceive me,
Though to earth I should bend,
Christian Guide, thou wilt not leave me
Thus on earth without a friend.

I thought his vows were oaths in heaven,
Nor dare I here my fault deny,
For all my soul to him was given,
God knows how true, how tenderly!

Though wrong'd, and desolate, and dying,
His pride, his coldness, I forgot;
And fell upon his bosom, crying,
'Forsake me not! forsake me not!'

I left my father and my mother,
Whom I no more on earth may see;
But I have found a father, brother,
And more than every friend, in thee!

Though his words might well deceive me,
Though wrong'd and desolate I lie,
Christian Guide, thou wilt not leave me—
Oh! teach me to repent and die."

This Count Zulenstein was the son of General Zulenstein, natural son of Henry Frederick de Nassau, Prince of Orange and Stadtholder, grandfather of William III. He was in the greatest confidence of King William through his whole reign. We have said that he came with him when he first appeared at the English court, and was sent to congratulate James on the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards the Pretender. He was a kind of military Mentor at this time to William, his nephew; and, as we have related, when his disciple was impressed with the charms of the youthful Mary, Mentor himself became no less suddenly enamoured of one of the young ladies who attended Mary in the character of maid of honour from England. But who was the young lady?

—for Ken mentioned no name, either of the one or the other. The young lady was Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Wroth, of Durants, Enfield, in the county of Middlesex, descended, on the mother's side, from the 'noble Sidney,' she being the eldest daughter of Robert the great Earl of Leicester. My ideas were unexpectedly confirmed by a passage in a note of Lord Dartmouth, in Burnet's History, where the name is accidentally mentioned: 'Ken,' says Lord Dartmouth, 'had been chaplain to the Princess of Orange, but sent back on some disgust the prince took to him, for the marriage of Zulenstein with Mrs. Wroth, &c. Jane Wroth was this injured young lady. An English lady of birth and honourable rank, no chevalier in the court of the Prince of Orange need have disdained; and it is no wonder, both from Christian principles as a minister, and from kind and virtuous feelings as an Englishman, that Ken became interested, when the affections of Jane Wroth, under the sacred and solemn pledge of plighted troth, were won by a soldier of thirty-five, so near in relationship to the cold and haughty William of Orange, Ken, in utter disregard of any consequences to himself, appeared the sole friend of a destitute woman, who would otherwise have been an outcast, but who, by the remonstrance of the princess's chaplain, became the honoured wife of Zulenstein, afterwards Lord Rochford, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. The reader will see in Collins, that Count Zulenstein was married to Jane Wroth; Jane Wroth was, in her youth and beauty, maid of honour to the Princess of Orange; and Count Zulenstein and Jane Wroth are the persons of whom Ken spoke so obscurely. [We have now, owing to carelessness in writing or correcting the press, a repetition of a statement already just given.] By Ken's manly remonstrances and interference, utterly regardless of whom he should offend, Jane Wroth thus became the honoured and lawful wife of Count Zulenstein. He succeeded to the domains of his wife's father, the barony of Enfield, as the first Lord Rochford, from whom is lineally descended the present possessor of St. Osyth, William Nassau, Esq. But the indignity done to high Dutch pride, by a private English lady marrying the uncle of the Prince of Orange, was by him never forgiven. This was the secret ground of William's personal aversion to Ken, and Ken's moral dislike of William, besides his political principles."

We have not space or time to follow Bishop Ken through the fluctuations of his life; we shall therefore take our farewell at his grave.

"The Grave of Ken."

On yonder heap of earth forlorn,
Where Ken his place of burial chose,
Peacefully shine, O sabbath morn!
And, eve, with gentler hush repose.
To him is rear'd no marble tomb
Within the dim cathedral face;
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the winter's rain.
No village monumental stone
Records a verse, a date, a name:
What boots it? When thy task is done,
Christian, how vain the sound of fame!
Oh, far more grateful to thy God
The voices of poor children rise,
Who hasten o'er the dewy sod,
'To pay their morning sacrifice.'
And can we listen to their hymn,
Heard, haply, when the evening knell
Sounds, where the village tower is dim,
As if to bid the world farewell,
Without a thought, that from the dust
The moan shall wake the sleeping clay,
And bid the faithful and the just
Up spring to heaven's eternal day?"

These beautiful lines of Mr. Bowles' are a congenial tribute to the author of our morning and evening hymns. We have only to add, that in all controverted points of Ken's character, his memory has found a powerful vindicator in his present biographer.

Memoirs of Count Lavallette. Vol. II.

[Conclusion.]

WE continue our extracts from these entertaining Memoirs: and the first thing that strikes us with astonishment is the singular insatiation of security which seems to have pervaded both Lavallette and his companions: what, under their circumstances, could they expect but vengeance? Lavallette consoled himself with the reflection that "the royal resentment would undoubtedly vent itself on those who are absent,"—a surmise very much at variance with all experience. He says of Labedoyère, "Far from having any uneasiness on my own account, my whole anxiety was for the fate of my friends. The Countess de Souza, the aunt of Labedoyère, knowing that he was still in Paris, entreated me to go and see him, to thrust him, if necessary, by the shoulders out of the barriers, and to persuade him to seek refuge with the army of the Loire, from whence he might go abroad. I went therefore at eight o'clock in the morning to Labedoyère. He was still in bed, playing with his child, and his lovely wife next to him. When we were alone, I warmly pressed him to depart, and, by a singular prepossession, I gave him the same reasons, made him the same entreaties, placed before his eyes the same dangers, with which my friends harassed me on my own account. He listened to me with a smile and a yawn, and turned himself round in his bed. I was obliged to put an end to that discourse, and talk of the fate of the Emperor and France, which interested him more than his own. We had already lost more than three hours in useless conversation, when his valet-de-chambre came to tell him that two Prussian officers who were billeted in his house, refused the apartment that had been offered to them, and insisted on taking possession of his wife's." At these words Labedoyère flew out of bed like a madman, and taking scarcely time to slip on his clothes, he wanted to go immediately and cut off the ears of these two insolent fellows. It required considerable exertions on my side to make him keep quiet and wait the result of his wife's mother's remonstrances. He did not set off till the evening. He gained the banks of the Loire. I shall mention hereafter how he returned from thence."

We now give the sequel.

"Having made up my mind to this, I was the more obstinate in my refusal to fly; and I proposed to the Princess de Vaudemont to give her a letter addressed to M. de Talleyrand, in which I should explain my conduct. She consented to lay it before him. In that letter I unfolded to the ministry my whole conduct since the restoration; all the steps I had taken on the 20th of March; and I concluded by soliciting my trial. My wishes in that respect were soon complied with. On the 18th of July I was sitting at dinner with Madame Lavallette and M. de Meneval, when an inspector of the police came to tell me that the prefect, M. Decazes, wished to speak to me. When I stepped into the hackney-coach, I saw that I was surrounded by three or four spies, who were good enough to act the part of footmen, and stepped up behind the carriage. In less than half an hour I was in the registering room of the prison of the prefecture. I was introduced to the jailer, who paid little attention to me, being busy with distributing lodgings to several new comers, among whom I discovered M. de P***, who had been long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, and appeared to be the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He seemed so grieved and mortified to be where he was, that I went up to him, and had already begun to express my pity for his misfortune, when all of a sudden he turned aside, and, pointing to me, said to the turnkey, 'Conduct this gentleman to No. 17;' after which he disappeared. This man, thought I, has very cleverly turned his coat; and I followed my guide, blushing at the mistake I had made. He introduced me into a dirty garret with a window that opened in the roof at twelve feet from the floor. I was permitted, if I could, to open it by means of an iron bar with notches, but so heavy that it was not possible for me to raise it. When one enters into prison, anger always follows the first surprise. I began by throwing out some energetic exclamations against the prefect, who had not deigned to receive me in his apartments, though he had sent for me to come and speak to him. I was not yet acquainted with the code of politeness of the prefects of police; but I soon made great improvement in that branch of knowledge. As there was no bell, I was obliged to wait three hours before I received a visit from the turnkey, who brought me for dinner some disgusting prison ragoût. I made some inquiries respecting the prisoners who lodged on the floor above me. I had seen through a key-hole, men carrying bottles, and all the preparations for a feast. 'They seem to be very merry,' I added. 'They are two aides-de-camp of General Labedoyère.' 'How! is he then arrested?' 'I believe so.' The next day these two officers were set at liberty; and I afterwards learned the following particulars. The unfortunate Labedoyère, after the army of the Loire had been disbanded, had retired to the outskirts of Riom, with several of his friends, among whom was General Flahaut, his near relation. The latter, who possesses a cool head, and unites prudence to much courage, immediately perceived the danger of their position. He was convinced that nothing remained for them to do but to repossess the frontiers as quickly as they could. Labedoyère was of the same opinion; but no persuasion could make him alter his plan. He wanted to go to the United States, but on his way to pass through Paris, where he wished to take leave of his family and raise some money. All the exertions of friendship had no power over him. He stepped into the diligence under a false

estate, and found among his travelling companions two wretches in regimentals, who pretended they came from the army of the Loire, and who were scarcely arrived in Paris when they informed against him. These were the two prisoners who were merely feasting on a part of the money they had received as the reward of their treachery.

A very singular instance of the celebrated V... skill in putting together the smallest circumstances for conviction is recorded.

Among the conspirators of the infernal machine was one M. N... an intimate friend of Limolien, the first inventor of the plot. He had served among the Chouans, and the police supposed, reasonably enough, that he was in Paris. After being hunted like a fox for several days, he slept at night in the charcoal-boats in the Pot au Bled. When the pursuit had ceased in that part of the town, he ventured to seek a retreat in a miserable garret in a public-house. The next day, the police came back; but he had escaped, and was seen no more. His room was searched, and near the bed was found a scrap of half-burned paper, which he had used to light his pipe. This paper contained, however, some written lines, which seemed to be part of the rough draft of a letter addressed to some general, who was supposed to be Georges. On the last line were the following words: 'I cannot write any more to-day, as I have a great pain in my eyes.' This unfortunate man was afterwards implicated and taken in the conspiracy of Georges, and I had the pleasure of examining him. He was sitting where you are, his face between two wax-candles, as your's is: While I was talking with him I continued writing. He was my countryman. I spoke to him of his parents, of his first affections, of his schoolfellows; and having observed that he began to gain assurance, and that his answers betrayed a little more cheerfulness, I stopped all of a sudden, and said in the most natural tone I could: 'But the light annoys you: you may put out the candles if you choose.' 'No; I have no pain in my eyes.' 'I thought you had.' 'No, not at present; my eyes were bad, it is true, about two years ago.' We continued our conversation. At last I slowly read to him his examination: he was surprised to find I had inserted in it so trivial a circumstance, and asked why I had done it. 'It is my custom.' Now, will you believe that this very trivial circumstance convicted him? The half-burned scrap of paper had been preserved. The writing was compared with his, and his presence in Paris, at the time of the infernal machine, was proved. 'And what became of him?' said I. 'He was guillotined,' answered V... with a most fiendish look and gesture. He said to me: 'I am fond of my profession: I cannot remain one day out of this apartment. I might go to the play, and divert myself with my friends, my wife, my children. But, no; I must be here.' While listening to him, I observed that by custom he constantly leered to the left side, where the prisoners were placed; and I am convinced that if they had been put at his right, he would have lost his skill.

Anecdote of Marshal Ney.—'He played tolerably well on the flute, and during several days he amused himself with his instrument. He was, however, deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in my evening musings. I had never heard it any where else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria: it was at a ball given on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before

my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh greenward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conclergerie; and I retired, unable to repress my tears, and repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate marshal.'

The heroic conduct of Madame Lavallette must render the ensuing account of her interesting. During the imprisonment of her mother, Madame Fanny Beauharnais, in the time of the revolution, 'young Emilie was intrusted to the care of a governess, or rather abandoned to the vulgar caprice of some domestics who shared the movements and passions of the mob. Born of emigrant parents, the poor child was obliged to assist at the patriotic processions which took place every month on the republican holidays. She often said: 'I was very ill-used on these occasions by my companions, the young girls of the neighbourhood. They could not forgive me my tall stature and genteel features, which contrasted with those of the greatest part among them. The daughter of an emigrant marquess and an imprisoned mother could scarcely share the honour of their company. As for me, the exclusion had nothing disgraceful in my eyes; but my governess, though she had none of the prejudices of my companions, took great care to conduct me to their assemblies for her own interest. The least reluctance she would have shewn for it might have exposed her to be arrested.' At that terrible period of madness and fanaticism, private life was subject to jealous and perpetual supervision. The porter of a nobleman's house was obliged, for his individual safety, to become a spy and an informer. The servants were again the masters, or rather the tyrants, of those who employed them. They were displeased that the daughter of an emigrant was not bound in apprenticeship, and that she maintained in her manners and occupations something genteel and delicate. The two cousins of Emilie were both apprentices,—Hortense to her mother's mantua-maker; Eugene to a joiner in the Faubourg St. Germain. The 9th Thermidor having overthrown tyranny, Madame de Beauharnais got out of prison, and Emilie was sent with her cousin to a boarding-school which Madame Campan had established at St. Germain-en-Laye. There she continued her education, which had been interrupted during two years.'

Their marriage was arranged in Buonaparte's usually imperative style.

'All my comrades had obtained advancement: the general wished to reward me also; but not willing to expose himself to a refusal from government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and Mdlle. Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a major of you,' he said; 'I must therefore give you a wife; you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?' 'I have seen her twice. But, general, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow?' Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.' 'Men must marry to have children; that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—a defender of his country. She will have a

pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled: Talk this morning with Mad. Buonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th.' (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke:—at last I said: 'I will do whatever you please. But will the girl love me? I do not wish to force her inclinations.' 'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home. In the evening I went to see Mad. Buonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to shew some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!' Accordingly, next day, the general, Mad. Buonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Mad. Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin Hortense led her to us, that she might salute the general, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the general could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should break fast on the grass in the garden. In the mean while, I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject: I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added: 'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the general; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.' While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest, who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honoré.

The narrative of Lavallette's escape has all the interest of a romance, but is too long as a whole: we shall only mention Mdlle. Lavallette's harsh treatment.

Madame Lavallette, a little easier after half an hour, began to get the better of her agitation; and she would have enjoyed her happiness, if the brutal turnkeys, who had left her door open, had not uttered against her the most horrible abuse, and assured her it was impossible I should not be retaken in a very short time. The arrival of the procureur-general, Bellart, put an end to their abusive language. He sat himself gravely down to examine her, and addressed reproaches to her that were only ridiculous. By his order she was treated with so much severity, that, in the state of health in which she then was, that usage became the chief cause of the disorder under which she laboured during twelve years, but from which she has at last recovered. They placed her in the chamber of Marshal Ney, where there was no chimney, but a German stove, the suffocating heat of which made her suffer a great deal night and day. The window opened into the women's yard. To hear the noisy cries of those wretches during the whole day, and their vulgar and obscene language, was agony to so delicate a female. No person could come near her; even her maid was excluded, and she was attended by one of the female turnkeys. None of her letters could cross the threshold of the prison, nor could any communication from her friends reach her. She was for ever assailed with a thousand different terrors, especially in the night, when the sentries were relieved. She always imagined it was her husband they were bringing back. During more than five-and-twenty days and nights, she did not enjoy one moment's sleep. I was far from thinking she could be so unhappy. I had been told, with the view of comforting me, that she was lodged in the apartments of the lady of the prefect of police, treated with the greatest attention and respect, and that she would soon obtain permission to return home. My daughter had returned to her convent in an ecstasy of joy, and agitated with so strong an emotion that she could not explain in what manner she had contrived to save her father. But when, next day, the whole business was explained, the superior, who had just succeeded in obtaining the protection of the Duchess of Angoulême for her house, was seized with alarm: my daughter was ordered to hold her tongue; and the nuns and some of the boarders, shrunk away from her, as if she had had the plague. Will it be believed when I add, that the parents of several of those boarders declared to the superior, that they would take their children home if Josephine Lavallette remained in the convent? So that a virtuous, generous action, which ought to have been presented as an example to be followed by young persons, was, through fear, personal interest, and perhaps also by meaner passions, regarded as a sort of crime and a cause of proscription. Six weeks afterwards, when Mde. de Lavallette was set at liberty, she hastened to take her daughter from the convent.

We conclude with the account of her present state.

"At last, the health of Mde. de Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country-house, where she seems to enjoy herself."

Our extracts, which of course can embrace only a small part of two thick volumes, will show how interesting are their contents. Lavallette writes like a man on his defence, and

in the spirit of a partisan; but who has written on the subject in any other? Comparison will best extract the truth; and, beside their present attraction, all these contemporary memoirs will be valuable material for the historian. We must again repeat our praise of the translation.

J. Montgomery's Voyages, &c. of Tyerman and Bennet.
[Fourth Notice.]

WE resume the thread of this narrative, without circumlocution;—the parts are so distinct, that they speak for themselves, and, we hope, so interesting as to speak well both for our selection, and for the work whence they are selected. By way of change, we shall begin this notice, however, with a few pieces of natural history. The following is the description of an aon tree, or oro:—

"This grotesque tree (the banyan of India) grows upon one side of a rock, nearly perpendicular, over the front of which (being from thirty to forty feet high, and as many broad) hundreds of its roots descend, singularly implicated, and forming a kind of net-work. The stems of the tree above rise up thirty feet at least from the rock, being supported by multitudes of roots, which find their sustenance in the soil below. These occupy a space nearly a hundred feet in compass, and display various arches and recesses, of most curious appearance. On one side, the impending branches have sent down a root of forty feet, which, having got footing in the ground, has given birth to a young tree. Multitudes of other long fibrous shoots, of a black colour, are growing downward from the horizontal branches above, which, though dangling wildly in the air now, will strike root as soon as they reach the ground, and add their antic columns to the pillared shade. The natives have a tradition that the seed of this gigantic plant was brought by a bird from the moon."

A bird, as remarkable as this tree, is also described.

"A white bird, with a long blue bill, and web-footed, about the size of a dove, was brought to us. The natives call it *pirai*; and this harmless creature was also one of the lords many, and gods many, worshipped here. It was supposed to preside over accidents, and, being often found sitting in the bread-fruit trees, its protection against falls in climbing them was sought. It was believed that when this bird perceived any one thus precipitated by an unlucky slip, it would immediately fly beneath his body, as if to rescue him before he reached the ground, or, at least, lighten his descent. The chief who gave us this curious information assured us that he had proved it to be true by personal experience; for, on a certain occasion, when he was dislodged from a bread-fruit tree, one of these compassionate birds glanced under him so closely as to touch his neck with the flapping of its wings, and he sustained no injury, (as he presumed) in consequence of this happy interference of one of the gods; whereupon he immediately cut a large bunch of bananas, and went and offered them to his deliverer at the marae. This day, in the course of our ramble, we caught a *vici*, a giant of a grasshopper, which measured nearly five inches in length. The body was green, the wings red."

It is to be regretted, that the most curious creatures are so loosely defined that we cannot ascertain what they are; but our missionaries were intent on other matters, and their notices

of animals, &c. are but incidental. Here is another extract.

"While we were exploring the neighbourhood of the cascade, this day, some of the men, whom we had left at the landing-place, caught two very curious fishes of the lobster species. The native name of this animal is *coroo*. The general form is that of the lobster; the length nine inches; the body is covered with a delicate shell, of which the jointed compartments, nine in number, beside the tail-piece, admit of freedom of motion. Under the five central ones there are fringes, like fins, and to that which lies between these five and the tail are attached two flappers, on either side, projecting outward and backward. Under each of these there is a strong, bony, sharp-pointed weapon, with which the creature can defend itself, and probably secure its prey, by clapping the latter beneath its belly, when the forks must pierce whatever comes between them. These are said to be venomous, and the natives are much afraid of being wounded by them. To each of the three plates of the shell, next the head, are fitted two legs, one on either side. The head is an inch and three quarters long, and narrowing in width from an inch and a half, at the hinder part, to three quarters of an inch at the frontage. Towards the middle are the eyes, the mouth, and four antennae, with a kind of fin on each side. But the most singular and novel characteristics of this animal are its large claws, which grow from the upper part of the body and the neck. These have four joints each, that at the extremity being a fine and almost transparent bone, with ten sharp rays shooting outwards, longer and longer, and stronger also in proportion to the outermost. This ten-toothed appendage closes down into a corresponding groove, or slit, of the inner joint, which exactly fits it as a sheath—the whole resembling a common pocket-comb that shuts into a case. The mouth and adjacent organs are like those of the lobster. The colour, when alive, is pale yellow with lilac and black spots."

These also were objects of worship. Another "strange fish."

"A singular fish, which had been struck with a spear and caught in the bay, was brought to us. It is called *cavere*. It resembles an eel, and is a yard long, with a remarkably projecting snout, one-fourth of its whole length, at the extremity of which is the mouth. The upper part of this proboscis consists of several bones, so exquisitely articulated, slide by slide, as to be capable of enormous expansion; while below, where these bones seem to unite closely, by an equally curious contrivance, there is a connecting membrane which falls inward and admits of corresponding distension with the cavity above; so that this small snout (in shape like a gun-barrel) might be enlarged enough to receive a substance equal in bulk to the whole body of the animal itself. It has pectoral, dorsal, and ventral fins, of very delicate structure. The tail-fins are finely arched backwards, and from between them, as from the centre of a crescent, shoots out a tapering tail four inches long, and ending in a point. The colour is blue on the back, and grey below; the eyes are large, and the pupil is surrounded by a glaring yellow iris. It is said that this arrow-like animal can dart itself out of the water with such violence as to pierce with its snout the body of a man. This fish is esteemed delicious food."

Our countrymen having sailed for the Marquesas, touched at the Sandwich Isles, informing us, on their way, of "the nocturnal amenity of the sea," which is a very fine phrase indeed:

human beings are not always so susceptible of amenity.

"At the village of Wytiti, about four miles to the east of Honoruru, there formerly lived a chief of singular ferocity; Giant Despair himself, in the Pilgrim's Progress, was not more brutal and reckless. When he had a fancy to offer a human sacrifice, he would set out in his canoe, with a single servant, in the dead of the night, and come down the bay till he got along shore close by the town. The two harpies would then raise a lamentable cry, as though they were perishing in the water; when the first person who happened to be alarmed, and, from the instinct of humanity, flew to their relief, was pounced upon, his back broken, and his corpse carried off to be presented at the marae. In the year 1804, when the late king, Tamahameha, was on his way from Hawaii, to invade Tausi, he halted with an army of eight thousand men at Oahu. The yellow fever broke out among the troops, and in the course of a few days swept away more than two-thirds of them. During the plague, the king repaired to the great marae at Wytiti, to conciliate the god, whom he supposed to be angry. The priests recommended a ten days' tabu, the sacrifice of three human victims, four hundred hogs, as many cocoa-nuts, and an equal number of branches of plantains. Three men who had been guilty of the enormous turpitude of eating cocoa-nuts with the old queen (the present king's mother), were accordingly seized and led to the marae. But there being yet three days before the offerings could be duly presented, the eyes of the victims were scooped out, and the bones of their arms and legs were broken, and they were then deposited in a house, to await the *coup de grace* on the day of sacrifice. While these maimed and miserable creatures were in the heights of their suffering, some persons, moved by curiosity, visited them in prison, and found them neither raving nor desponding, but solemnly singing the national *hymn*—dull as the drone of a bagpipe, and hardly more variable—as though they were insensible of the past, and indifferent to the future. When the slaughtering time arrived, one of them was placed under the legs of the idol, and the other two were laid, with the hogs and fruit, upon the altar-frame. They were then beaten with clubs upon the shoulders till they died of the blows."

It is curious that the natives, so filthy in most other matters, have a terrible aversion to flies. The authors relate: "Two of the queens dined with us to-day. They brought their own provisions—two raw fishes, and a bowl of poi. Of the latter they sometimes drank, but occasionally employed their fingers to carry the slimy beverage to their mouths. One of the fishes was dressed by their desire; the other they ate raw, just as it came out of the water, scales, fins, and intestines unremoved. This they tore to pieces with their hands and their teeth, as best served their purpose; first one and then the other helping herself to such portion as she liked best, each taking special care that none of the blood which oozed from the mangled fragments should be lost. But, though it excited very inconvenient qualms of stomach in us to see their filthy feeding, when a common fly was found drowned in one of their messes, they seemed at once to grow sick, and turned away their faces with no equivocal expression of utter loathing. Flies, indeed, may be said to be an abomination with these savages,—probably from some superstitious prejudice, for vermin far more disgusting are greedily picked by them from their own bodies—say, from the very dogs—and devoured."

Some of their superstitions are not only interesting in themselves, but also from their resemblance to the fables of our ancient world. They had an idea of a God who was not "made by any one, as the rest had been, and who was above them all. His name was Taroa. He was the parent from whom all men sprang:—these were, in their view, the population of the islands known to them. He was also believed to be the maker of the land, and they thought he could destroy at pleasure what he had made. This idea was probably suggested to them (if not derived from European information) by the changes which they observed in the coral formations around them. He was represented as living in a shell, which he cast from time to time, and as he did so, the world grew larger and larger, till it had reached its full size. He is said to have made a woman, whom he himself married, and lived with her from island to island, assuming a different form in every one, as though he were another husband, till in each they had a family of children, and thus peopled all the islands. The Rain-teans had this tradition of the deluge. One of the gods, of enormous bulk, heedlessly gambling at the bottom of the sea, got entangled by his long hair among the weeds, and, in his struggles to free himself, caused the waters to overflow the shores, and rise even above the highest mountains. In proof of such a catastrophe, they say there are rocks of coral and shells found on the loftiest peaks, whither they could not have come in the common course of nature.

"Evil spirits, they believed, did not exist formerly, but were miscreated things of modern and corrupted times. This strange idea probably has its foundation in the origin of infanticide, which certainly did not prevail to any great extent till a late era, otherwise the islands must have been long ago desolated. Tamatoa himself had been enrolled among the gods. This impious ceremony, with the particulars of which we must not pollute our pages, took place at the principal marae here, dedicated to Oro. As one of the divinities of his subjects, therefore, the king was worshipped, consulted as an oracle, and had sacrifices and prayers offered to him. There is now, we trust, good reason to believe that the same man is become a humble, self-denying, and devoted servant and disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.—In what follows, we must be merely considered as narrators. Tamatoa assures us that, during the reign of idolatry, he has seen one of the priests, when the fit of demoniac inspiration was upon him, thrust his hand and arm up to the shoulder in the solid ground. And though one of these frantic hierophants could thus plunge his arm into the earth, as though it were water, yet, if the paroxysm went off while it remained there, he pretended that it required the strength of several men to help him to withdraw it. When this was done, the skin was found sound and undiscoloured, notwithstanding the violent friction it had encountered. Tamatoa is of opinion (notwithstanding the incredulity which we evinced) that no deception was practised; for the priest would perform this marvellous feat on any spot of ground, where the people desired him, while they stood around looking on, and some vainly endeavoured to do the like; which indeed he himself could not achieve without his "enchancements." Captain Henry (son of the missionary of that name at Eimeo), also states that he has witnessed this prodigy of juggling himself, without being able to detect the fraud. The infuriated priest, on that occasion, foamed at the mouth, distorted his eyes,

balls, convulsed his limbs, and uttered the most hideous shrieks and howlings. After he had seemingly buried his arm, like a spear stuck suddenly in the ground, he held it there for a considerable time; then, drawing it out uninjured, he rushed towards the shore, and laying hold upon a large canoe, which ordinarily required three or four men to launch, he shoved it before him with apparent ease, and sent it adrift. He afterwards threw himself into the sea, wallowed about in it, and kept his head under water for a long time. When this act of the tragical pantomime was finished, he sat among the waves, and delivered his prophecies in very figurative and hyperbolical language, at the same time sufficiently ambiguous to be fulfilled in one of two senses, whatever might happen.

"There was a tradition here that the sky originally lay flat upon the face of the earth and ocean, being held down by the legs of a huge cuttle-fish. But, at a certain time, a man named Maui dived to the bottom of the sea, and, grappling with the monster, utterly dismembered him; whereupon the sky flew up, and expanded into its beautiful convexity, resting on the horizon, and having the vertical sun as its key-stone. But Maui may have rendered his countrymen a much less doubtful service, as he is said to have invented the ingenious mode of obtaining fire by rubbing a grooved stick with a pointed one, as formerly described. If so, his name must be considered as the most illustrious on record, in this part of the globe, where, over thousands and tens of thousands of square leagues, no authentic account of warrior, legislator, or patriot, can be found of earlier date than the last generation. Indeed, there existed among the people no form of writing, hieroglyphic, or mnemonic (like the Peruvian quippos, or knots, and the Sandwich Islands ropes, for registering population and taxes), but the traditions of past ages were literally oral."

"When a new king was consecrated, by ceremonies too filthy to be detailed, he was invested with the *maro*, or hereditary robe of royalty, of net-work covered with red feathers, and to which an additional lappet is annexed at the accession of each sovereign. This splendid train, which was wont to be wound about the body, and flowed upon the ground, is twenty-one feet in length, and six inches broad. The one feat by which the fabric was wrought is still needed by which the robe is wrought is still attached to it, and, according to report, no stitch could be taken with it, but thunder was forthwith heard in the heavens. The symbolical marks, which are apparent on the plumage and texture, indicate that many hundreds of human victims have been sacrificed during its gradual making and extension, when the sundry monarchs, by whom it has been worn in succession, wrapped themselves with its folds, as their insignia of authority. This sacred *maro* has, therefore, never been completed, nor might have been, so long as the ancient system continued; for it was intended to be lengthened to the end of time, or at least to the end of empire in the island. Hence, almost every handbreadth of the patchwork that composed it represented a separate reign, and reminded the national chroniclers of the prince's name, character, achievements, and the main incidents of his time: this robe might be regarded as an hieroglyphic tablet of the annals of Raiatea. Tamatoa has cast off this relic of idolatry, and sent it, as another trophy of the gospel victories here, to the Museum of the London Missionary Society."

Again we must pause; and, though there are

several matters which court our observation in these volumes, we are afraid it will not be in our power to illustrate them farther.

The Sunday Library. Vol. V. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE penultimate volume of this work, of which, good as it is, one of the best properties is, that its limits are defined, does so much credit to Dr. Dibdin's editing, that we rejoice to see his labours are not to cease with Vol. VI.; but to be prolonged by a sequel, under the title of "Christian Classics," being a collection of popular treatises on the leading truths and doctrines of Christianity. The volume now before us has a portrait of Dr. Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and contains fifteen miscellaneous sermons by clever and eminent preachers.

The Preacher: containing Fifty-four Sermons by eminent Living Divines. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 440: double columns. London, 1830. Griffiths.

We do not remember whether we noticed the first volume collected of this periodical; but most probably we spoke of its weekly debut. Now that we have no fewer than fifty-four sermons in one point of view, we can more properly deliver an opinion. As compositions, few of these sermons claim much praise; and as to the doctrines they inculcate, we, who never take any part in theological controversy, must say that they are as various as sectarianism in this country. They are, we think, of what is called the evangelical school; but even in these the preachers enforce the most opposite sentiments on minor acts and habits of life. Altogether, the volume presents a strange study to the inquirer after truth; from Dr. Grey to Mr. Bailey—from Dr. Chalmers and Mr. McNeile, to the Bishop of Chester and Dr. Bushfield. The editor seems to have taken due pains to be accurate; for instead of sermons taken in short-hand, as at first, he has recently procured the original MSS., and the corrections of the preachers.

Polynesian Researches, during a Residence of nearly Eight Years in the Society and Sandwich Islands. By W. Ellis. Second edition, enlarged and improved. Vol. IV. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

RE-PUBLISHING in the form found to be well adapted for general diffusion, viz. in small monthly or periodical volumes, we know of no work better suited to popular reading than Mr. Ellis's interesting productions. We, however, reviewed the original work at such length, that it would be an unjust allotment of our space, upon which there are so many claimants, were we again to enter upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that the account of these missionary labours, mingled as it is with excellent information on other points, the manners and customs of the natives, natural history, superstitions, traditions, past events, present condition, and prospects, &c. &c. affords altogether the most valuable view of Polynesia, rising from darkness and barbarism into civilisation and commercial importance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Freedom of the Press in Germany during the Thirty Years' War.—In August 1625, the Austrian general, Tilly, who is equally celebrated for his military talents and for the frightful scenes of pillage and massacre which marked the course of his army, sent two plenipotentiaries to the deputies of the circle of

Lower Saxony at Brunswick, who, according to Tilly's instructions, urged the deputies of the circle to exert all their authority peremptorily to forbid all writers and printers from speaking in an improper manner of the Imperial troops, and inflaming people's minds by such publications; and the resolution of the deputies of the circle, passed on the 30th of August, is literally in the following terms:—"With respect to the alleged libellous publications, the counsellors and deputies here present can do no more than to prohibit all libels, libellous poems,* and the like, on pain of exemplary and inevitable punishment, as is certainly conformable to the constitution of the empire; and they therefore request his excellency not to doubt of the speedy execution of this resolution. But it is a very different thing when events are related historically and *nude*, without acrimony and *violenta verborum*, which cannot be prohibited without injustice; for otherwise it would be necessary to prohibit and abolish all historical descriptions, though it is both necessary and highly useful, public and private, to preserve *memoria rerum gestarum*. But to attain this end, there is no means but historical description, which, as all *politici* judge, is *custos virtutum*, and also a *testis malorum facinorum*. If, therefore, his excellency will seriously exert himself entirely to restrain the soldiery from inhumanly wicked actions, on pain of inevitable corporal chastisement and capital punishment, all such publications will soon die away." It seems that Tilly must have contented himself with this answer; for we do not find that he made any farther complaint—still less that he proceeded to rigorous measures.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XVII. Tilt.

A CHARMING number. Nothing can exceed the beauty of "Powis Castle," drawn by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by Lady Lucy Clive, and "Ben Lomond," drawn by G. F. Robson; both engraved by E. Finden.

Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated. No. 26. Fisher, Son, and Co.

WE have seldom seen more picturesque forms of rocks than in "Povey Harbour," or of ruins than in "Restormel Castle." These are happily contrasted by the polished scenery of "Bicton House," and "Haldon House."

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq. Part VII. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

A VIEW of "Halton Hall, near Lancaster," and a portrait, *en profile*, of the celebrated "Duke of Bridgewater," to whose indefatigable and undaunted perseverance in the establishment of canals, the commerce of the county of Lancaster, and of the whole kingdom, is so

* Such publications, as well in Latin as in German, some in prose, some in verse, were very numerous: they represented the conduct of the Austrian court in the blackest colours, and excited much sensation both in and out of Germany. But no publication made in the sequel more noise, and met with more approbation from the learned, than the Latin work of Hippolytus à Lapide. This is one of the most venomous writings ever published against the house of Austria. The name of the author was long doubtful; but it is now well known that it was Bogislav Philip von Chemnitz, who wrote the history of the Swedish war. He was Swedish counsellor and historiographer: the sworn enemy of the house of Austria, whose character it was the aim of his work to depict—in which he had considerable success. This work, in twelve books, bears the title of *Disertatio de Ratione Status in Imperio nostro Romano, Germanico, à Lapide*.

deeply indebted, are the embellishments of the present Part of this valuable topographical work.

The Napoleon Ladder. W. Cousins.

THE common idea of representing the changes of life by the steps of a ladder, is applied, in this little publication, to the fortunes and misfortunes of Buonaparte. The up-ladder commences with Toulon, where he signalled himself in 1793, and ascends, step by step, through Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, &c., till, in 1804, he was declared emperor. The downhill dates from Moscow, 1812, and as going down is more rapid than rising, we find the steps Leipzig, Abdicacion, Waterloo, Surrender, very close on each other. He sleeps at the foot, 1821, St. Helena. The sides of the ladder are cannon, on which are prints, of no value, but offering slight designs of the events alluded to on the strands.

The New Costume of the Officers of the British Army. No. 1. London, W. Spooner.

THIS Number, besides the King in plain uniform on horseback, consists of, 1. "An Officer of the First Life-guards on his Charger;" 2. "An Officer of the Grenadier Guards;" and 3. "An Officer of the Coldstream." It is a splendid work, and worthy of our splendid army. The men and horses are admirably drawn, and the prints carefully and beautifully coloured. The continent has produced several superb publications of this class; but we are not acquainted with one English work of the least pretension either to accuracy or art. The publisher, therefore, deserves the patronage not only of our gallant soldiers, but of their fair admirers, and of the country they so bravely defend when defence is needed. We could wish that the officers were not made so effeminate as they appear in 2 and 3; for though our exquisites do fight like men, on service and in the presence of an enemy, it would be as well to represent them at home like manly fellows.

Rome, August 18.

THE celebrated engraver, Professor Giovanni Folo, of the academy of St. Luke, has completed his engraving of the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, in a manner which renders it worthy of being esteemed among the most admirable and perfect of his performances. This print is peculiarly valuable, because the artist has had the opportunity of correcting the design after the celebrated sketch presented by Francis I. king of France, to Pope Leo X., (which sketch is still preserved in the Vatican,) so that he could supply, with great ability, many things which are unhappily obliterated in the original painting of Vinci, at Milan. On the 8th instant, Signor Folo had the honour to present a proof of the print to his holiness, who was pleased, not only to express his high admiration of the work, but to honour the artist by a present of two medals, one of gold and one of silver, with his effigy, and by placing his name on the list of subscribers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES ON THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA.

THERE are in the island of Majorca two men of letters, Don Joaquín Maria Bover and Don Antonio de Jurin, who have applied themselves from their youth to the study of heraldry, numismatology, &c. They have also been engaged for many years in collecting information respecting the kingdom of the Balearic islands, and their MSS. on this subject fill 200 volumes. Having been indefatigable in making researches

and excavations in the forests and burying-grounds of the Balearic islands, they possess a highly interesting and rich cabinet of Roman medals and monumental stones. A marble tablet, which was recently dug up, bears an inscription, which positively fixes the site of the ancient town of Palma, founded by the Roman consul Quintus Cæcilius Metellus; a point which the researches of the learned had not been able precisely to determine. A portion of the results of their labours is now in the press.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE WRITING, AND SIGNATURE OF THE VENERABLE GOETHE.

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last Number (page 570, middle column), we this week present our readers with an interesting fac-simile from the pen of Goethe, authenticated by his autograph. Written only last year, this literary curiosity is a striking example of the vigour still found in the poet's green old age.

Chaque jour est un bien que du ciel je ne crains
Propriété aujourd'hui de celui qui il ne domine,
Il n'appartient pas plus aux jeunes gens
Et celui de demain n'appartient à personne.

ce 24 Juin
1830

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

I've sigh'd, but I will sigh no more
For silver and for golden ore,
And thought 'twould ever pass;
But these their virtues oft have lost,
And I have found that — to my cost —
True virtue's in the brass.

I once adored a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and auburn hair,
And thought to win the lass;
But soon steep in a rival — who
Came, too, with brazen face to woo,
And won her by his brass.

I brandish'd next an author's pen,
And hoped to be successful — when,
True merit's all a farce; yet
But striving here, I found, again,
'Gainst impudence, was all in vain —
I wanted still the brass.

Next, as a top upon the town,
I sought to gain a slight renown,
And dress'd by fashion's glass;
But here full soon I was cut out,
And driven to the right-about
By those who had the brass.

Rejoice, ye brazen bullies, then,
And laugh to scorn all honest men;
Ye have the magic pass,
Let others wish for baser ore,
Give me, kind Fate! I ask no more,
Sufficiency of brass.

LINES ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE summer's gone, and the winter hour
Comes fiercely on with its chilling blast,
And the stricken grove and leafless bower
Proclaim the pride of the year is past.

O, whither is gone the violet-wreath,
That threw its loveliness o'er the spring?
It has sunk beneath the hand of death,
And decay'd, like every beauteous thing.

And where is now the bright summer's pride?
The blushing rose with its sweet perfume?
That, too, has shed its flowers and died,
And where they fell they have found a tomb.

Thus all mortal things must stoop to fate;
They may boast awhile of beauty's glow;
But death will approach, or soon or late,
And his reckless hand will lay them low.
Spring will return, and the violet-bank,
With its scented flowers, again be gay;

And the rose bud afresh, when it has drank
Again the enlivening dews of May.

So Man, though he yield his fleeting breath,
And lie awhile in the grave's deep gloom,
Shall waken again and vanquish death,
And in heavenly bowers for ever bloom.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

OLIVER THE DAIN, OR DEVIL.

[We have been favoured by a learned foreigner, with a letter addressed to Sir Walter Scott, in which he throws a curious light over the real biography of Oliver, the barber of Louis XI., so famous in the novel of *Quentin Durward*. After an introduction very complimentary to the author, he tells us that]

OLIVER was born at Thielt, a little town in western Flanders, fifteen miles south-east of Bruges, whereof Pontus Heuterius says, "*Oliverus est pagus de loco juxta Gaudavum natus.*"

It is unknown at this day, he continues, even amongst the most prying of his antiquarian fellow countrymen, whence his primitive name of "the Devil" was derived; whether he acquired it by family inheritance, or from the

satanic constitution of his inward man. One Dupleix has reported, that his royal master instead of putting an extinguisher on an affix symbolical of the offices on which his confidential agent was employed, dubbed him "le Malin," or the Evil one; but Dupleix is treacherous authority; and proof exists under Master Pierre's own hand, that he once ennobled him by the style and title of "le Mauvais," or the Bad one. By letters patent granted to him in the year 1474, it appears that, in a former grant of letters of nobility, Lewis, reckless of "the stuff that men make knights of," had omitted to assign unto his "trusty and well-beloved valet de chambre, Master Oliver the Bad one, (le Mauvais)," the distinction of armorial bearings; wherefore, by these second letters, his liege and sovereign lord presents him with certain arms, "éy-peintes et armoyées," perpetually and for ever to the use of said Master Oliver and his posterity, in consideration of "the good, great, continued, and commendable services, which from day to day he had not ceased to discharge around our person;"—and mark the sequitur,—"and which we hope he will still render to us." It is a curious peroration of this document, that wherein Lewis "takes away and abolishes Oliver's surname of le Mauvais," prohibits any mouth to call him by that cognomen, and declares it to be his will and pleasure, that, in every place hereafter, he should be surnamed "the Dain, or Buck."—*Gaudet cognomine molles auricularia*; and of a truth, Master Pierre and his man must have felt, that neither man nor things ought always to be called by their proper names.

I have not been able to ascertain at what period Oliver entered his master's service; some will, that it occurred when Lewis, as dauphin, fled from the resentment of his parent and found an asylum in Brabant (1456-1461); and others, that his first employment was as one of the swarm of spies whom Lewis maintained in foreign countries, and especially at the court of his personal enemy, Philip of Burgundy. Be this as it may, his original capacity of barber admitted him under the noblest roof; for at that time of day it was conjoined with the dignity of "chirurgion;" and there can be little doubt that his medical, no less than his Machiavellian acquirements, must have been efficient passports to royal favour: with a monarch who shuddered at the name and the very idea of dying.

You have not, sir, exaggerated the ascendancy into which Oliver had wormed himself with Lewis; for Father Mathieu tells us, that travellers, when quitting France, were perpetually importuned with—"Prithee, stands King Lewis still in favour with Master Oliver?" But I doubt whether, in speaking of the napkin hung over his arm, which "indicated his menial capacity," the reader will not have imagined it to be that useful appendage, which came into use at a later date. It was the linen cloth mentioned in the constitution drawn up by St. Anégise for the monastery of Fontenelle,—the *linea ad manus tergendum*; or else the cloth, which was thrown over the bread or knife of great personages, and removed when they had taken their seats. This was the purpose for which the two pieces of linen, worked in gold, and enumerated in an old inventory of the ducal house of Burgundy, were designed. The mouth and hands appear to have been cleansed with the *doublier*, or table-cloth, in Master Oliver's times.

The canning, which served as a ladder to his inordinate ambition, and the humility in which

he enwrapped himself as a cloak to either, could not have been depicted with more prominent effect by the most skilful of contemporary chroniclers, than by your arch and natural pen. We have seen that he seated himself on the bench of nobility; but his purse was become well freighted, and he was weary of treading in the shade of petty intrigue. The Duke of Burgundy's death whetted the edge of Lewis's cupidity; it was not to be satisfied by the acquisition of St. Quentin and Peronne, and his mind revelled by anticipation in the success of an embassy to Ghent, where Oliver appeared as his representative: the which appointment savoured strongly of his master's humour "in employing small people on large affairs, and working," as good father Mathieu hath it, "great machines by little engines."

In 1477, Master Oliver set forwards with letters of credit to Mademoiselle de Bourgoyne, with the ostensible view of inducing her to throw herself and her fortunes into Lewis's hands; but *sub rosa*, for the more profitable purpose of goading the malecontent citizens of Ghent into seditious acts, for which, indeed, they had no inconsiderable predilection. Where the fox prowls, caution naturally pricks its ear: Master Oliver's designs were bruited about by the suspicious tongues; and at the end of a couple of days, as he shewed no haste to come to any public explanations, the court called upon him to disgorge them. So "he came into the presence of the said princess. And the afore-mentioned Oliver appeared in better apparel than belonged to him: he laid down his letters credential. The said demoiselle," continues Comines, "was seated in her chair, and the Duke of Cleves stood beside her, together with the Bishop of Liège, and several other great personages, and a crowd of people. She read his letters; whereupon the said Master Oliver was commanded to declare his purpose; to which he replied, that none had been entrusted to him, saving to confer with her in private. He was here made to understand, that such was not customary, and especially with respect to the young lady, who was of marriageable estate; but he continued to allege that he would not speak another word, excepting into her ear. He was then told, that he should be forced to speak out; whereat fear came upon him, and I believe, that before the moment in which he presented his letters, he had not given a thought to that which he should say. For this was nowise the chief duty on which he was sent, as you may have heard. For this time, therefore, the said Oliver took his leave without further opening his mouth.—And no mockeries were put upon him; and he suddenly took to his heels from the town, seeing that he had been warned, had he not so done, that he would be in danger of being thrown into the river; and, in truth, I believe so." To this account, Gaillard adds, in his history of Mary of Burgundy, that she observed—"What can this barber want with me? I have neither a beard to be shaved nor an ailment to be cured." Disguise himself as he would, the Count de Meulan could bring none to forget his pole and basin.

The earldom to which I here allude, was certain waters and sheep-grounds at Meulan, conferred upon him by Lewis in the year 1477; and as late as 1649, his coat of arms was to be seen upon a lodge and two houses in that place. They consisted of a chevron armed on points with a buck passant; the escutcheon being accented on the right by an olive-branch, and on the left by a buck's horn; the whole

surmounted by a count's coronet. Besides his earldom, Oliver was captain of Loches castle, governor of St. Quentin, and a gentleman of the king's chamber.

As a peace-offering to the "crafty keeper among wild beasts," as you have pertinently designated his master, Oliver, in his way homewards, fell upon Tournay, though it was a sort of neutral town between France and Burgundy, packed off its magistracy to Paris, and, as our friend Gaillard says, "returned in triumph to shave his master, and court new favours;"—most brother-tool with the tailor, whom Lewis converted into his herald-at-arms, and the quack, who administered hellebore to his subjects as lord chancellor.

Master Oliver was again summoned in the succeeding year (1478) to fish in troubled waters; for a puritan-cordelier having drawn together a host of female converts, and denounced as traitors to the public weal those by whom Lewis was surrounded, he was despatched to plaster up the reformer's mouth. But he seems to have sagely avoided contact with edge tools, by leaving the preacher in peace within his own convent, to which "a number of women resorted curiously, night and day, who armed themselves with stones, cinders, concealed knives, and other weapons and sticks, to smite such as would have hurt him, or impeded his harangues, and bade him dismiss all fears, and swear to die before aught of mischief should come to him."

It appears that Oliver continued to ascend, step by step, the ladder of royal favour; inasmuch as we find him, in 1780, associating with Cardinal de la Rovère, then cardinal and legate. And subsequently better known as Julius II., "whom he feasted, in company with the Cardinal of Bourbon, and a number of other ecclesiastics and noblemen, as gallantly as could be; and after dinner, he took them to the Bois de Vincennes, to beat up and hunt the deer in the said wood; after which each returned to his own hotel."

The thread of his fortunes was, however, about to snap; Lewis was laid on his death-bed, and the favourite's conduct towards the dying monarch shews how little of gentle blood flowed in his veins, and how eager he was to rid himself of a galling yoke. Out of Oliver's mouth,—from lips that had been used to pour incense into his ears,—the "proud and haughty" was brutally admonished, that the time was come when it behoved him to attend to the concerns of his conscience, and to cast away all confidence in physic, or prayers, or relics, as a means of prolonging his lease of earthly days. Yet the infatuated sovereign clung to his barber until his last hour had knelled, and with his dying breath recommended Master Oliver to Dain and Jehan de Doyac to the Dauphin's special favour, saying, that "he would have been nothing without the said Oliver, and that, being a foreigner, he ought to make use of him and maintain him in his service, and the enjoyment of the offices and estates which he had bestowed on him."

But the reign of impunity was at an end; and Oliver found to his cost, that the youthful sovereign Charles VIII. was not disposed to connive at a violation of the laws of God and man, into which his reliance on royal smiles, and a depraved heart, shortly betrayed him. The tale of his last offence is quickly told. The wife of a young nobleman having applied to him to procure the king's pardon for some offense committed by her husband, Oliver made her seduction the price of his promised intercession; and, at the very moment she was

lying in his arms, directed his minions to consign the husband to a watery grave. The next morning the body of the nobleman, which had been drawn to shore by some boatmen, was the first object on which his wife, who was hastening to impart the tidings of his approaching release, cast her eyes. At this sight the unfortunate, horror-struck female called upon the bystanders to condole with her in the calamity which had befallen her; Oliver was arrested and committed to the rack; but before the torture began, he made confession of his crime, under the impression that his sovereign would protect him, and the judge be deterred from visiting him with the terrors of the law. Charles, however, was well pleased with the opportunity, which this tragical event afforded, of evincing his desire to check the atrocities which had stigmatised his father's reign: Oliver and Daniel, one of the executioners, were consequently hung, or, after a softer term, "dubbed knights of the order of St. Patibularius;" and Doyac, the other murderer, who had been formerly called "Lewis's admiral," after losing his ears and having his tongue slit, was expelled the kingdom.

Such, sir, was the ignominious exit of a wretch, whom Tristan himself would have delighted to count among "the acorns hanging on his old, doddered oak." His beginnings and endings are quaintly summed up in this epitaph from the pen of Bouchet, the annalist of Aquitaine:—

Je Olivier qui fux barlier du Roy
Loyz onziesme, et de lui tousjours proche
Par mon orgueil fux mis en desarray
A ce gibet, tout rempli de reproche:
En hault parler, en estat, et approche
Je me facis aux grands princes pareil;
Mais de malheur on m'a rompu le bec
Par ce piteux et horrible appareil.

DRAMA.

THEATRES.—On the coronation night the theatres and Vauxhall were, by his Majesty's command, opened gratuitously for the entertainment of the people. For Vauxhall 750*l.* were given, for the Haymarket 300*l.* for the Adelphi 200*l.*, and for Sadler's Wells, 150*l.* The whole cost was between 1500*l.* and 2000*l.* The rule, we understand, is to pay for whatever the house would contain if all the seats were full; and on the same principle with respect to other places of amusement. Had Drury Lane and Covent Garden been open, they would each have had 1000*l.* One of the effects of this royal command is, the sort of recognition it affords to theatres as yet standing in rather an anomalous posture with regard to patents, lord chamberlains' and magistrates' licenses, vested rights, and new claims. Thus, the Queen's theatre, which, by the by, from the clever pieces it brings forward and has well acted, deserves every encouragement; and the Milton Street theatre; the Pavilion; and, we believe, others, having been honoured by the King's command, the question will probably be, "Who shall shut what his Majesty has opened?"

VARIETIES.

Death of the Baroness de La Motte Fouqué.—On the 21st of July died Baroness Caroline de La Motte Fouqué, one of the most popular of the female writers of Germany: she expired in the arms of her husband, Baron Frederick de La Motte Fouqué, at her paternal estate near Rathenow. Several of her novels, *e. g.* *Roderick, die Frau des Falkenstein, Fendore*, her *Tales*, and her *Letters on female education*, do

great credit to the talents of their accomplished author. In her later writings she seems to have taken Sir W. Scott for her model; but, like the recent works of the baron, they have not been favourably received by the public.

Coronation Cards.—Among other coronation productions, Messrs. Reynolds, whose former performances in the way of beautiful card-making we have noticed with praise, have sent out cards, (though they are playing cards,) very fancifully and tastefully executed in gold and coloured devices by Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer. The backs are like fine porcelain, with the letters W.A., surrounded with foliage, and crowns, flags, and other ornaments, printed in gold upon them. They are curiosities, if too handsome for shuffling, cutting, and dealing.

Coronation Medal.—The scramble for the coronation medals hung about in Westminster Abbey was certainly rather *infra dig.* To see gallant officers, dashing gold sticks, pretty pages, the élite of the royal household, venerable judges, sagacious aldermen, &c. fighting and jostling, like rude school-boys for halfpence, threw, while it lasted, an air of burlesque both upon them and the ceremony. The medals themselves are ably executed; with the head of the King on one side, and the Queen's head on the other. The likeness of his Majesty is altogether good; and her Majesty's countenance in profile is excellently adapted to display the art of the medallist: it is marked, and shews to great advantage on a coin.

Coronation Anecdote.—Earl Grey, by accident, in performing part of the coronation ceremony which fell to his lot, let the sword of Justice fall from his hand. What will the augurs from omens say to this? Apropos: at the coronation of George IV. the Marquess of Anglesea slipped, in consequence of his lameness, and almost threw the imperial crown from its cushion: it was only preserved by great activity.

A Bull Advantage!—In a jeweller's window in the Strand, there is an advertisement which would pass for a bull in Dublin: it announces that all the goods in the shop are "selling off, under *prime cost*, for the benefit of the creditors!"

Very Like a Whale! Hamlet.—There is a whale shewing in a large shed at the Mews, Charing Cross, which we see our contemporaries shy at, in consequence of the charge for admittance being 2*s.*, and John Bull accustomed to pay only one for any monster. A wag the other day, who had parted with his money, wrote the following impromptu in the whale's album:—

"Jonah and I are alike,
We've both been inside of a whale;
Only Jonah went in at the head,
And I went in at the tail!"

But, joking apart, this skeleton is one of the most wonderful specimens of natural history that we ever saw. It is well worth a visit; and if people cannot stomach the price, they need not go into the belly unless they like. The mighty leviathan ought to be seen by the curious.

Selected from American Periodicals.

Watering Milk.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for *de milk*, and dis is for *de water*, and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

Great Age.—In noticing a celebration of the

fourth instant, near Raleigh, North Carolina, the *Register* states, that "Mr. Arthur Wall, now in his one hundred and ninth year, was particularly invited; he excused himself on account of being 'busy with his crop;' but said he would send one of his boys, a lad of eighty-two, with his toast."

Epitaph on a tombstone in a churchyard in Ireland:

"Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true:—
Who was he? what was he?—What's that to you?"

Contradictions of Proverbs.—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.—"He that runs fastest gets most ground." Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters.—"He runs far who never turns." Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.—"No man can call again yesterday." Yes; he may call till his heart ache, though it never come.—"He that goes softly goes safely." Not among thieves.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes; lack of meat.—"Nothing is hard to a willing mind." Yes; to get money.—"None so blind as they that will not see." Yes; they that cannot see.—"Nothing but what is good for something." Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.—"Every thing hath an end." Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so; the sun goes over it every day.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so; it is but a stone's cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there's none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisements*, No. XXXVII. Sept. 10.]

The *Forget Me Not*, the parent of the British Annals, announces this year increased claims to public favour; among which are engravings by W. and E. Finden, Graves, Carter, C. Rolis, Englehart, Davenport, &c., from drawings or paintings by Lawrence, Martin, Frost, Richter, &c.

In Ackermann's Juvenile *Forget Me Not* the publisher and editor have also studied graphic and literary excellence suitable to improve the tastes and minds of the young.

Mrs F. Kemble has announced *Francis the First*, an historical drama, for publication.

A second series of Dr. Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, is in the press; and the concluding volume of his *Peninsular War* is expected early in the ensuing season.

The novel announced from the pen of L. E. L. is called *Romance and Reality*. It is ready for publication, and will probably appear in a few weeks. The question will therefore soon be tried, whether or not her prose will equal her poetical popularity.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heurteloup's *Lithotripsy*, 8vo. 1*l.* 6*s.*—Valpy's *Sallustius with English notes*, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—James Bennett's, *History and Prospects of the Church*, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Severn's *First Lines of Midwifery*, with plates, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Atkinson on *Stone in the Bladder*, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Parland on the *Teeth*, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Crayson from the *Commons*, crown 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Metropolitan Magazine, Vol. I. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*—Wright's *Improved Game-Book*, for one year, 5*s.* 6*d.*; for two years, 10*s.* 6*d.*; for three years, 15*s.* 6*d.*—Millman's *Tales of the Stanley Family*, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hambleton's *Sermons*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The publishing world, for the last ten days, might have made a return *Nit* to any order for a list of works of the slightest importance or interest. This idleness affords us an opportunity of bringing up some of our *lee-way*, of which we gladly avail ourselves. So, God Save THE KING!

β must acknowledge that "bosom" and "ocean" are bad rhymes.

Vernon is also declined.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 572, col. 3, line 8 from bottom, for "G. C. Davis," read "C. J. Davis."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the various Schools of Painting, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

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Author of Lectures for the Religious Instruction of Young Persons.
Sold by Harris, St. Paul's Churchyard, J. Murray, & Coventry Street; and Sams, St. James's Street.

A PRINT OF THE NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND, elevated by Submarine Eruption, from a Sketch by an Officer of H. M. Flag-Ship, St. Vincent, sent to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, K.G. President of the Royal Society, to whom the Plate is, with permission; humbly dedicated. Price, coloured, 8s. 6d.; India, 3s.; plain, 2s. 6d.

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- 1st. Look for the London Hall mark on each silver pencil-case; S. M. Mordan and Co. Patentees and Makers, on the body of the case.
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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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THE SECOND EDITION OF A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF ALGEBRA, for the Use of Schools and Private Students.

By P. NICHOLSON and J. BOWBOHAM, F.R.S.

In this edition the Authors have made every material improvement, not only in the Demonstrations of some of the most important Rules, but also in the Illustrations of the Axioms, and of the principles upon which Simple Equations may be solved without Transposition. The History of the Progress of Algebra, which has been materially improved, has now been far extended to the Cube Root, and the powers of Algebra, and is now regarded as a valuable acquisition to a mathematical education. The examples are very numerous and well chosen. We can only say that this treatise deserves commendation for its gradual and successive development of the difficulties of this subject. —*Edinburgh Review*.

A Key to the above Work, containing the Solutions of more than 500 Problems, by means of which, and the Algebra, a person may acquire a Knowledge of this valuable Science without the Assistance of a Master. 12mo. price 3s. bound. London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row.

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In 12mo. with 5 fine Wood Engravings by Thomson, from Designs by Harvey, price 5s. In Water-lined canvass, and lettered.

AUSTIN HALL; or, After-Dinner Conversation between a Father and his Children, on Subjects of Amusement and Instruction; containing, in Conversation, 1st. English Archery, &c. 2d. Conversation, Age of the World, Trade of the Israelites with Tyre, &c. 3d. and 4th. Charles I. in Scotland. Scenery at Worcester, Conduct after the Restoration, &c. 5th. History of Robin Hood. 6th. Varieties of the Human Race, &c. 7th. Fable of the Horse and Camel. Adventures of Alexander Selkirk. 8th. Story of the Seven Sleepers, &c. 9th. Stretch of Jewish History. 10th. Historical Account of Henson at Rashed, Magnificence of the Khalifee, Story of Baram the Madman, &c. 11th. History of Mahomet, &c. 12th. History of the Jews.

London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row.

A complete edition of Robinson Crusoe, in 1 handsome vol. 12mo. printed by Whittingham, with 20 Characteristic Wood Engravings by Smith, from Harvey's Drawings. Price 5s. water-lined canvass and lettered.

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Edited by Mrs. JAMESON. Authors of "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets," the "Diary of an Ennuyé," &c.

A Series of Portraits of the beautiful and celebrated Wives of the court and reign of Charles the Second, forming a splendid illustration of the Memoirs of De Grammont, the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, and other works connected with that gay and interesting period; with Biographical and Critical Notices, which the editor has been collecting for many years, from the most authentic sources.

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The Twenty-eight Volumes which have appeared, contain Sixteen New Illustrations by the Author, besides copious Notes to each Volume.

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1. Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, 2 vols. 12s.

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This volume may be pronounced more interesting than any of Mr. Buchanan's former works, as it is chiefly composed of personal narrative. —*Monthly Review*.The volume contains a good deal of information respecting the towns in the Persian Gulf, which we have little doubt merchants will find interesting and useful. —*Edinburgh Literary Gazette*.

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